

THE REISSUE OF

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## What is the Prospect?

WHAT is the prospect? When will this long night of dreadful war give way to the welcome dawn of peace? Notwithstanding the apparently inexhaustible military forces, resources and facilities of all kinds possessed by the loyal States, as developed in the prosecution of this gigantic war, we are beginning to feel its pressure on every side, in everything and in every way. With the continued expenditure of a thousand millions a year, for even another year, against a national income from war tariffs and war taxes of less than one-third this enormous outlay, the national currency must still continue to decline, in value, more or less, the prices of the essentials of life, of labor, and all the products of labor, must still continue to advance, until we reach that fearful crisis of a financial collapse, and its dreadful consequences of universal bankruptcy and confusion. We think there is reason to apprehend that unless, in the interval to December next, some victories are obtained by our armies so decisive and comprehensive as to banish all doubts of the issue of this mighty struggle, the national treasury will not much longer be able to sustain itself, although Mr. Secretary Fessenden may display the highest financial

abilities, and the broadest sagacity, in his efforts to weather the storm.

The war drags heavily. The rebellion, in this campaign, exhibits a degree of vitality and tenacity which it was supposed it had for ever lost with the staggering disaster of

Chattanooga last November. The late contemptible peace-at-any price faction of the North is becoming bold, boastful and defiant, and threatens to rule the Chicago Democratic Presidential Convention; the original enthusiasm of the great Northern war party is

mainly demolish or disperse the two great armies upon which Jeff Davis has staked his fortunes and those of his sinking Confederacy.

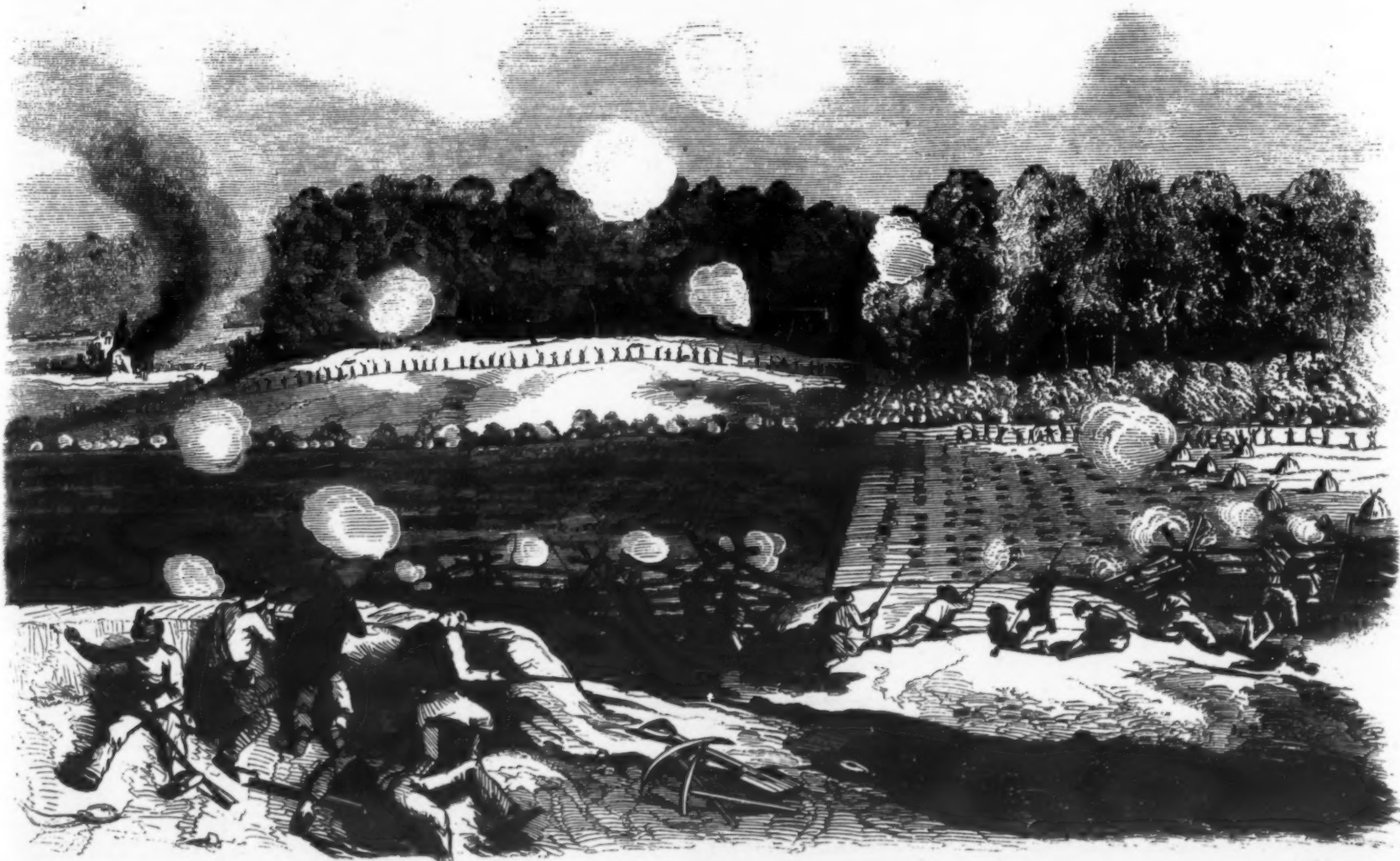
Neither successful rebel raids nor disgraceful Union defeats of a secondary character, East or



HOW HORSES ARE TREATED IN THE ARMY—CAUSE OF THE TREMENDOUS LOSS OF HORSES.—FROM AN ACTUAL SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST IN TENNESSEE.

no longer visible to the naked eye; dark forebodings are entertained, and gloomy prognostics are uttered on every hand; and yet the general confidence of the country in the crowning result of this terrible contest was never so firmly set, nor so clear in its perceptions as it is to-day.

How are we to explain this strange anomaly between the doubts and fears which are everywhere manifested and immovable faith in the approaching triumph of the Union which everywhere seems to exist? This is an interesting enigma, but its solution is simple and easy. There is, whatever may appear upon the surface, a prevailing impression in the public mind that the vital forces of the rebellion are nearly expended; that strong and energetic as it still appears, it is but the strength of a dying man, and the energy of despair. In a word, the great body of the intelligent people of the loyal States believe that Gens. Grant and Sherman, before they go again into winter quarters, will cer-



SCENES BEFORE WASHINGTON DURING THE REBEL RAID—REBEL ASSAULT ON THE WORKS NEAR WASHINGTON, REPULSED BY DISMOUNTED CAVALRY AND INFANTRY, JULY 12.—SKETCHED BY GEO. H. DUFFIE.



West, nor the long detention of Gen. Grant on the south side of Petersburg, nor the embarrassments of the Treasury, nor the derangements of trade, nor the multiplication of our taxes, nor the proclamation of another draft for 500,000 men, nor have all these things, together with the mischievous peace agitations of a deluded peace faction, been sufficient to shake the faith of the loyal masses of the country in the near approach of the complete success of the national cause, military, financial and political.

At length, too, this faith of the people in the triumph of the Union is beginning to be justified by the substantial achievements of our armies East and West, by the recent tremendous manifestations of the strength and tenacity with which Gen. Grant sticks to his purpose of capturing Richmond, and in the steady and irresistible movements of Gen. Sherman, which have carried his splendid army from Chattanooga down into the heart of Georgia, and to the focus of a railroad system which virtually secures him the command of the State and the whole South-west. It is to the veteran and never-failing army of the Potomac under Gen. Grant, and to the irresistible grand army of the West under Gen. Sherman, that the great body of the people of the mighty North look for the speedy settlement of all doubts, and fears, and embarrassments touching the important question of the probable duration and final issue of the war. We fully share in this cheering belief that the rebellion is at last in its dying struggles, that the end is near, and that the most glorious rewards to the active friends of the Union for the great sacrifices they have made upon its altars will soon be revealed over the length and breadth of the land. Yet a little while and the fulfillment of this cheering vision of victory, peace and reunion will be made visible to all eyes. The present overwhelming campaign will surely end in this crowning result to the Union.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

### ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1864.

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#### Summary of the Week.

##### VIRGINIA.

The recent raid was not ended as soon as supposed. After Wright abandoned the pursuit of the rebels, they turned on Averill, who fought

gallantly, supported by Crook, near Winchester, on the 24th and 25th of July, but was at last driven through Martinsburg and fell back to Harper's Ferry.

Col. Mulligan, while gallantly leading his men, was mortally wounded and taken prisoner.

The rebels immediately began to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Sheridan is said to have attacked Early at the Rappahannock and recaptured much booty.

##### GRANT'S ARMY.

Grant's plans are beginning to unfold. He made a movement north of the James.

Gen. Foster is at Deep Bottom, beyond the James, seriously threatening Richmond by the nearest road. His position is some miles nearer to the capital than Harrison's landing is.

Lee, alarmed at this, sent troops to check him. On the 28th Grant sent Hancock silently and secretly to aid Foster. The rebels, however, discovered it and attacked them on the ponton bridge over the James. But Hancock, in a brief action, drove them into their entrenchments, took many prisoners, and recaptured four Parrott guns lost by us in May.

Lee, evidently expecting a battle, here made all preparation, strengthening his works and concentrating his troops. Torbert and Gregg's division of Sheridan's cavalry force next engaged the enemy and was for a time forced back by the overpowering body in front.

While both parties were apparently equally earnest in preparing for the great battle here and skirmishing constantly, Grant was preparing a surprise before Petersburg.

At ten minutes to five on the 30th he exploded a mine before Burnside's position, made by Col. Pleasant's 48th Penn., blowing up one of Lee's forts nearest to the Appomattox, and our men of the 5th, 9th and 18th corps, under a murderous artillery fire that had for a time been pouring into the rebel works, rushed into the enemy's entrenchments, carrying the first line.

##### PENNSYLVANIA.

The new rebel raid has come off. On the 29th July it was announced that the enemy were approaching Chambersburg. At three A.M. on the 30th a rebel force of 800 reached it, after driving back a small force near Mercersburg. Gen. McCausland demanded at once \$100,000 in gold, and almost immediately fired the town, destroying 265 of the most valuable and elegant public and private buildings. It was fired at eleven A.M., and the rebels decamped at once, as Averill was said to be approaching. He entered soon after and pursued them to McConnellsburg.

##### MISSOURI.

In consequence of the audacity of the rebel guerillas and their brutality, Gen. Rosecrans, by the authority of the War Department, has called for nine regiments of six and twelve months volunteers for the protection of the State from guerillas and to repel invasion.

In the same connection Gov. Hall has issued a proclamation, stating the emergency for more troops to be great, and urging the people to fill up the regiments at once.

##### SOUTH CAROLINA.

The news from Charleston to the 21st states that Fort Sumter was undergoing another destructive bombardment from our batteries and fleet. The firing was very slow, but accurate, and serious damage resulted to some of the strongest portions of the fort. The fire on Charleston is also kept up.

The work of erecting residences for the rebel prisoners on Morris Island progresses, though the rebels annoy the workmen to the extent of their ability by shelling the buildings.

##### GEORGIA.

The battle of the 22d, in which Hood attacked the veterans of Crook, Howard and Newton, resulted in a total repulse of the rebels, with heavy loss; but in a subsequent attack on Blair's corps he gained a temporary advantage, enabling him to boast of a complete victory. He has, however, lost at least 7,000 men, while Sherman's loss does not exceed 2,000, and he utterly failed to relieve Atlanta.

Gen. Forster's late expedition created a great scare in Savannah. The rams were moved down to the obstructions of the river, and Gen. Johnston sent a brigade of Georgia troops to Savannah, which was diverted at Augusta to John's island, where they participated in the fight of the 9th.

##### ARKANSAS.

On the 15th July 250 of the 10th Illinois were surrounded in their camp, at Zaracy, by 1,500 of Shelby's men; about one-half cut their way out, the rest were taken.

Price's army is at Camden, and Kirby Smith is attempting to prevent reinforcements from Banks reaching Gen. Steele.

##### NAVAL.

The steamer Kingston, of the Georgetown and New York line, ran ashore, near the mouth of the Rappahannock, on the 22d, and was destroyed by the rebels, who boarded her in boats. The pilot, a Baltimore man, was suspected of treachery.

The steamer B. M. Runyon struck a snag off Griffith's landing, Miss., on the 21st, and sunk; many of the 10th Missouri cavalry were lost.

On the 8th the Kanawha, Penguin and Arctostok destroyed a blockade-runner coming out of Galveston.

INVISIBLE GOLD INK.—Put as much gold in as small a quantity of nitric acid as will dissolve it, and when this is done dilute with two or three times the quantity of distilled water. Next dissolve, in a separate vessel, fine powder into nitric acid, and when well impregnated add an equal quantity of distilled water. Write your characters in the first solution, and let the paper written on, etc., dry in the shade. To make them appear, draw a hair pencil or sponge dipped in the second solution over the paper.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

A DEPUTATION of influential British sympathisers had an interview with Lord Palmerston on the 14th of July, seeking to advise the Government to lead in an offer of European mediation in the American war. The Anglo-rebel party argued the matter with considerable tact and point. The position of the English Cabinet on the subject may be collected from the witty, poetical, yet profound sentence in which Lord Palmerston conveyed the essence of his reply, reminding his audience that

They who in quarrels interpose  
Will often wipe a bloody nose.

It is intimated by the London Herald that Mr. Lindsay had, previous to this, withdrawn his recognition motion from the books of the House of Commons, in consequence of an implied assurance, given by Lord Palmerston to Mr. Mason and himself, that the Premier would support recognition at a more opportune moment.

There was a large demand for United States stocks in Frankfurt, prices having fallen in consequence of the report of a great rise in the exchanges in New York.

The rebel loan had again advanced in London. Peace negotiations were in progress between Denmark and the allied Germans. A truce to the 31st July had been concluded. The German blockade is to be raised in the meantime, and the basis of a peace laid down. The new Prime Minister of Denmark had sent a peace message to Berlin and Vienna.

It was proposed in the Italian Senate to break off diplomatic relations with Spain, the Queen not having recognised the new kingdom. The Foreign Minister replied that, as Italy had been recognised by the Great Powers, she did not need the acknowledgment of Spain. An Italian Senator urged the Government to seize the Spanish college at Bologna.

The London Morning Post, in an editorial on the question of the alleged Holy Alliance, observes that nobody can follow the remarks made on the documents lately published without arriving at the conviction, which is by degrees becoming more firmly established abroad, of their genuineness. How could the Prussian Minister admit that he wrote that dispatch and yet expect to keep the peace? Of two evils he chose the least, nor will it be the first time in the history of diplomacy that a statesman has denied a fact to avert the disaster of a war, for such a war as France might wage against Prussia, upon the strength of the dispatches, could not fall at the present moment to be disastrous.

The King of the Belgians was about to pay a two days' visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Vichy.

The Danish question has assumed a painful aspect. The preliminaries are to be settled in Vienna; in the meantime hostilities had been suspended. It is said that Louis Napoleon had declared against Denmark entering the Germanic Confederation, as it would give Germany a naval element dangerous to France. The ill-feeling between the King of Prussia and the British press was very intense.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

Who can picture the glories of a good, old-fashioned rainstorm to a parched city?

Our country cousins, all over the land, who have of late been mourning over burnt-up crops and unhealthy cattle from drought, can have some idea of it, but they fail to realise the first hissing patter of the rain on the baked pavements and the glowing housetops, that drink in the falling drops and send them off turned into steam enough to whisk the whole town away at the rate of a North river steamboat.

For 40 days and 40 nights New York was without rain, and that with some days when the mercury counted up to 100. At last it came in torrents, and water enough fell in a couple of hours to put out the fires that were burning in the ground and cool the red hot metal roofs. To be sure Miss McElmurray was excessively annoyed at the fall thereof, because upon that very morning she had arranged to leave for Newport, and was obliged to defer it until next day; and also was Mrs. Dildrum Doldrum terribly put out, for upon that identical morning she expected all the Mildrums out to Doldrum Hall for a file *champetre*, which accordingly met with an indefinite postponement, as the creams and jellies would not keep. Outside of these little disappointments the rain of the last week came off charmingly, and was hailed by the pent-up members of "The Can't Get Away Club" with genuine satisfaction.

To one who is fond of looking out of the windows there are a good many things in a city rainstorm worthy of real thought and remark. We shall mention one of these. While the grateful showers were pouring down the other morning we could not help noticing the hundreds of little ones, from three years to 14, paddling their way through it to school. Children generally love to be in the rain, but the consequences are not understood by them, but should be by the parents or teachers. On that day thousands of children sat all day in school with wet garments and feet, possibly in strong draughts, or what is worse, sweating in close rooms, and sowed the seeds of disease, to remain with them for life. It was everybody's business to see that they did not come to school in the rain, or if they did, that their clothes or shoes should be dried, and consequently it was nobody's business.

The same rule applies to the thousands of young girls in the workshops of the city. From the breaking of day, in summer rain or winter snow, they can be seen wending their way umbrellaless, and oftentimes half clad, to their places of labor, there to sit or work in their saturated garments for 10 or 12 hours, or until they dry from the heat of their bodies. The plan is not calculated to make healthy mothers, or to fit them for the duties they may have to perform when "I don't work any more now, I'm married."

There seem now to be but two all-absorbing topics in every circle. The first is the expected draft, and the second the still rising value of everything necessary for our daily life. This latter does not alone affect the poor, but those who have heretofore supposed themselves comfortably affluent suddenly find that their good incomes have dwindled into a bare and economical living. People, while struggling in the present, cannot help looking forward to the coming winter and thinking of its difficulties in advance. With coal at \$18 per ton, and provisions at even its present high rates, the six months of cold weather bids fair to be a severe trial to the working man. Add to this the fear that he may be snatched away into the army, and no \$1,000 to purchase a substitute, while his wife and children must be left to battle along as best they may, and the prospect is a hard one for the poor man.

We look upon the apathy of our people to the families of soldiers in the Union army as something terribly criminal. We think that those who were dependent for support on one who is now absent in the service should be supported, not as an ungrateful act of charity, or a stinted doled-out relief fund, but as a right, by the local authorities. What is a few millions, more or less, to preserve children from starvation and death, and women from something worse? These are miseries that can be avoided. They are simply miseries that our full pockets can cure, and they should be cured even though future generations labor to repay it.

The whole system of society is a perpetual dead-end, and it seems almost like running one's head against a stone wall to correct any branch of an evil so great. But there are certain heads of this hydra which it is more than a personal duty to lop away. The first is the deadheadism supposed to exist between the theatres and the press. We take hold of it with less compunction, from the fact that it has long been the object of the theatrical management to make it appear that they are overrun by the applications of pressmen for free entrances. To those who are cognizant of the facts no refutation of such an assertion is necessary, but to the public sometimes

explanations of even the most simple truths are a vital necessity.

The most straightforward way to do this will be with figures as the illustrating power. A daily paper that makes any pretension to keeping the run of theatres and noticing their doings will not, during the week, insert less than 250 lines of critique or paragraphs calling public attention. Should this be paid for merely as an advertisement, at the lowest rate, say 25 cents per line, it would amount to \$62 50. In making this estimate we ignore the fact that these notices always occupy the best part of the paper, and are written at the expense of its proprietors, but simply put it on a business ground.

Now let us see what compensation the management makes for this service. The name of the editor-in-chief is of course on the free list, and to be liberal we will say two attacks of the paper. For the sake of argument we will admit that each of these gentlemen go every night to the theatre, and occupy seats, keeping the management from realising the sums of 50 cents each or nine dollars per week in all. The management can certainly not claim greater liberality than this, but while we allow him the claim, the truth will be that none of these attacks or editors will really be found there, but the regular dramatic reporter, kept at the expense of the paper to advertise the management.

The manager knows this fact, and further knows that, should this gratuitous support of the press be withdrawn, he would have to double the amount of his advertising; and printing, and seek new modes of reaching the public attention, such as would tend to a terrible depletion of his treasury. In return for this favor the manager throws open his doors to the press, placing it on a par with the general public, less the pecuniary disbursement. When, therefore, an editor presents himself before the doorkeeper, should that functionary's memory and temper be good, he is admitted, if not he must give his name and await identification. If he goes through this without flinching, he is allowed to have a seat if he can get one; if not he has the privilege of bribing some flunky of an usher, with a quarter, to give him one of those marked "engaged" by this said flunky, or he may stand, as others stand who will not do it.

These are the privileges an editor gets from that so much coveted free admission to the theatres. We know that there is a weakness in human nature towards whatever they can get for nothing, and that even a millionaire is not above free tickets to a show, but we respectfully beg leave to assert that the rule does not apply to the deadheadism of the press. All they get in that line is paid for ten times over.

The event of the week in the dramatic line has been the production of "The Rose of Castile," by the English opera company at the Olympic. The opera is one of the weakest of Balfe's; weak in music, in plot and in action. There is a sameness in the music throughout, and at no time does it rise to a point calculated to excite enthusiasm. The story is the old one, treated in a hundred ways, of a queen of Spain who plays a masqueraded match with the Infanta of Castile, she disguised as a peasant girl, and he as a mulatto, each seeking in a mysterious, operative way to find and win the other. The object is, of course, finally accomplished after various adventures, and much bad music, to the entire satisfaction of everybody, even the audience, if we can judge by the applause from a crowded house. Mad. Borchard has not during the last week come up to her standard, and the reason given is illness. She has little to do in her rôle calculated to produce startling effects, the better portions of the opera being given to the tenor, Mr. Castle, who sings badly, acts badly, and gets through his speaking part in a way that would do discredit to a schoolboy's first attempt. He has a rather good song in the first act, "Yes, I am a Mulatto," which he does better than anything else set down for him. In the second act Miss Louisa Myers sang "Love's the greatest Plague in Life," with an earnestness and pleasing manner, and satisfied her audience intensely; but it was not until Campbell in the third act gave them "Hark! hark, methinks I hear!" that they awakened to a good hearty encore.

In spite of its defects the opera was a success, and in spite of the shortcomings of the company, the chorus and the orchestra, it was calculated to draw for a long time to come; therefore, under the circumstances, we are sorry to know that, by some misunderstanding, the season was obliged to close in the flush of its success, the house being wanted for other purposes.

At Wallack's the Irish drama is still being done with Mr. Dan Bryant as the exponent, the Mr. having been achieved since its owner debuted in the dramatic line, to be laid by, undoubtedly, when he returns to burnt cork and the banjo, a consummation he declares will occur, and most devoutly to be wished. We say this not because we think Mr. Dan Bryant a poor exponent of the Irish stage business; on the contrary, we regard him as equal, if not superior, to any in that line, but we deprecate the spoiling of a good African to add to the already surfeited Irish line.

Niblo's, with Lucille Western, is doing a cool business with the "Sea of Ice." The ice scene in the second act ought either to cool the public wonderfully or do exactly the reverse.

Helen Western, at the Broadway, still crowds that neat little house nightly, and is demonstrating that the public have a growing taste for the emphatic drama and for well-shaped limbs. There is no disputing the versatility of, as the bills say, "the young, the beautiful, the fascinating," etc.

Barnum still sticks to "Mazulme," and shows the public that he knew what they wanted. It is very clear that an audience in very hot weather like to see violent action, and the spry pantomimist jumps about the more they admire, and congratulate themselves on their own exemption.

We will venture to say that never before has New York in the very height of the hottest weather seen a more prosperous theatrical season. With everybody that is anybody out of town, all our theatres and places of amusement are crowded nightly to excess. Money is plenty, and the people without care. Who says we have a terrible civil war raging in our midst?

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The official statement of the public debt, as appears by the records, shows that the debt outstanding bearing interest in coin is \$483,887,842, a difference less than the amount stated on the 10th July of \$731,000; the interest being \$52,623,281. The amount of debt bearing interest in lawful money is \$404,553,520, or nearly a million and a half more than in the previous statement, with an aggregate lawful money interest of \$21,027,000. The debt bearing no interest is \$116,732,052. The debt on which interest has ceased is \$370,190. The recapitulation shows the aggregate amount outstanding to be \$1,805,523,565, with interest in both gold and lawful money to the amount of \$73,650,830. The principal is \$9,320,000 more than last month's statement. The unpaid requisitions amount to about \$77,000,000, and the amount in the Treasury is nearly \$15,000,000.

Provost-Marshal-General Fry has issued a circular, to the effect that skilled mechanics and operatives employed in the arsenals and navy-yards of the United States, who shall be drafted and on examination be held to service, will not be required to report for duty under such draft, as long as they remain in the aforesaid service, provided the officer in charge shall certify that their labor as mechanics or operatives is necessary for the naval or military service.

The quota of this State is alleged to be 89,319. This is about 2,700 to each Congressional District, taking the average. It is one in seven and six-tenths of the total vote of the President in 1860; and nearly one in 44 of the entire population. This ratio would produce, on the population of the Free State and Territories in 1860, about 435,000 men—a considerable figure below the half million call.

The quota of New Jersey under the 500,000 call is 15,891, or 3,180 for each Congressional District, as an average. New Jersey gave 121,125 votes for President, and had a population of 480,558 in 1860. The draft calls for about one in seven and six-tenths of the voters (same as in New York State), and one in 31 of the population.

Missouri's quota is said to be 26,678, about one in 44 of her population in 1860, and one in 6 of her voters for President.



The steamer *B. M. Runyon*, from Natchez, struck a snag off Griffith's landing, 15 miles below Greenville, Miss., on the 21st of July, and sank to the bottom in about five minutes. She had 600 people on board, including 440 of the 10th Missouri cavalry, 80 refugees, some furnished soldiers, and a number of cabin passengers. About 60 were lost. Half of this number belonged to the cavalry regiment, and the remainder, excepting two, were refugees and negroes. But two cabin passengers are believed to have been lost. Gunboat No. 11 came up about 20 minutes after the disaster, and recovered about 40 persons. Others swam ashore.

The *New York Tribune* says: "Those who write to inquire whether the payment of \$300 commutation exempts for three full years from all drafts are informed that such payment, if made at any time prior to February last, does so exempt. In February, the law was changed so that the payment of \$300 therefrom exempted only for the impending draft; while since the passage of the act of this month there is no commutation whatever. All who are henceforth drafted, and are found liable, must serve in person by a substitute."

Twenty of the mechanics who recently left Hartford and vicinity to go to Nashville and Chattanooga, to work for Government, have been gobbled up by Confederate guerrillas in the neighborhood of Chattanooga.

Extensive woodland fires are reported around East Corinth, Calais, Ellsworth and Danville, Maine, and some of the stage-drivers are obliged to run their horses for miles through the fire and smoke from both sides of them.

There is abundance of testimony, it said, to prove the recent allegations about the "Order of American Knights," who have been conspiring for a new North-West Confederacy.

Cyrus W. Field has gone to find a place in Trinity Bay, N. F., for landing the American end of the Atlantic Telegraph cable, with one of Queen Victoria's steamers-of-war to carry him from St. John's.

The sports of the New York Schutzen Club were brought to a close on the 29th July, the first prize falling to Mr. L. Kinsinger, who was duly crowned Schutzen Konig with all honors. A banquet at Mr. Sommer's hotel closed the proceedings.

An exchange says: "Female gymnastics are becoming quite popular in the country as well as in the city. Mrs. Plumb has been very instrumental in spreading so excellent a taste. In a few years our belles will be famous for their muscular development and health, as they are now for their beauty."

The *Boston Transcript* says: "The crop returns look better and better. In Pennsylvania there is an enormous yield of everything, and the drought and insects have done less damage at the West than was generally supposed. Indian corn, which had begun to curl up extensively, is now looking promising, owing to the recent rains, and potatoes, buckwheat and sorghum will yield fairly. The wheat and hay crops have been almost as good as the average."

The authorities at Richmond grant passes to all women, children and old men who may desire to come North. Indeed, they rather encourage the emigration.

**Military.**—Should Gen. Fry adhere to the opinion of Solicitor Whiting, denying exemption to 100 day men, some dissatisfaction will arise in Massachusetts. When Gov. Andrew had made his arrangements with the War Department, some days ago, respecting the 100 day men, he telegraphed to his Adjutant-General to proceed at once, saying that the men would not be liable to be drafted until their term of service had expired.

**Personal.**—The *Troy Times* says: "The wife of Gen. Seymour has received several letters from her husband, who is now in Charleston, under the order of Gen. Jones assigning Federal prisoners to localities exposed to the fire of our shells. Gen. Seymour states that he is in good health and spirits, and speaks of a recent order he has seen, instructing the Confederate officers to treat him humanely during his stay there. The order was countersigned by Davis, and was prompted in consideration of Seymour's humane treatment of the rebel wounded after the battle of Sharpsburg."

Gen. McPherson, who was killed near Atlanta, was engaged to be married to a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Baltimore. The dispatch announcing his death by accident fell into her hands on his arrival. It was addressed to her mother, who, not being able to see well without her glasses, passed it to the daughter, engaged to the deceased, to read it. Seeing that it recorded his death, she instantly fainted.

Hon. David Turpie has been nominated for Congress in the Ninth District of Indiana, against Mr. Colfax. He is candidate for the Lieutenant-Governorship, and whether or not he will accept the nomination for Congress is uncertain.

The Governor of the State of Maine ordered Company A of the State Guards, Bangor, to garrison Fort McClary, at Kittery Point, for 60 days. Mr. Hamlin is a member of that company, and, like a true soldier, accompanied the expedition. He is now at the fort, and will do his duty.

Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, has furnished a "substitute," who left Providence for the field on the 23d July.

In the Supreme Court at Chambers, Mrs. Fernando Wood applied for an order appointing a receiver to take charge of her interests under the will of her late father, Drake Mills. She claims title to 10,000 shares of the stock of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad Company, under the will. On the other hand, it is claimed that there is another legatee.

Mr. Moses Taylor declines the appointment of the United States Assistant Treasurer at New York. His reason is the pressure of his other business, which would prevent the care and attention which he deems due to the position offered him.

On Wednesday evening, July 27, the citizens of Perth Amboy, ladies and gentlemen, gave to Rear-Admiral David B. Porter a serenade by Gratiola's Band. The Admiral is on a brief furlough. He appeared in acknowledgment of the compliment, and Mr. Vincent Colyer, of this city, delivered an address of welcome.

James P. Holcomb, of Virginia, one of the Confederate peace negotiators, was for a while a student at Yale College, in the class which graduated in 1840. He resided several years in Cincinnati, and is known as the author or editor of several law treatises. He is at present professor of law in the University of Virginia, and was a member of the last Richmond Congress.

**Obituary.**—The death of the Rev. John Maginnis of San Francisco, and formerly of this city, is announced. The deceased was a native of Ireland, and 68 years of age. He was ordained a priest by the late Bishop England of Charleston, S. C., and officiated at St. James's Catholic church, New York, until 1841, and afterwards until 1850, when he removed to California, at St. Andrew's. On arriving in California he became pastor of St. Patrick's church, holding that position up to 1862. By his will almost all his property is left to the Branch Orphan Asylum at Mount St. Vincent's, where a handsome chapel at which he had officiated up to within a few weeks of his death had been built. The funeral of the deceased clergyman was attended by a vast number of persons to whom he had endeared himself.

Miss Caroline M. Nixon died in Bangor, Me., on the 20th July. She was the divorced wife of James M. Nixon, the theatrical manager; she was herself some years ago a dashing equestrian performer, and was travelling professionally at the time of her death. She had last winter an "equestrian arena" under her management in Brooklyn. Amid much domestic trouble she always maintained an honorable personal and professional reputation.

**Accidents and Offences.**—Capt. Street, of the British Legion Delaware, from Annapolis, reports that another disastrous fire occurred at that place on the 4th ult., which destroyed a large portion of the town saved from the previous fire. The loss is several millions of dollars.

A destructive fire occurred at Napanee, C. W., a few days ago. A large cabinet factory, a plaster mill, a

sawmill and a large new foundry, with two dwelling-houses, were totally destroyed. Loss, about \$50,000.

The beautiful little village of Phelps, Ontario county, N. Y., was the scene of a terrible conflagration on the 20th July. Five houses were burned and 25 buildings destroyed. The total loss was about \$35,000, only a third of which is covered by insurance. This is the second time within a few weeks that the village has suffered severely by fire.

One of the workshops attached to the Western House of Refuge, at Rochester, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire on the 24th of July. The sparks from this fire were carried by the wind to the Lake avenue church, a quarter of a mile distant, which was also burned. Total loss, about \$60,000.

The fire at Springfield, Mass., on the 23d July, was the most disastrous that has ever occurred in that city. The entire loss is estimated at \$122,000, on which there was an insurance of \$80,000.

Wm. H. Bailly, a Custom-House attaché, was lately committed by Justice Dowling, on a charge of forging notes to the amount of \$1,435, on the well-known firm of Howland & Aspinwall.

On the 23d July, about an hour after sundown, Dupont's powder mills, at Wilmington, Delaware, were blown up, caused by a spark struck out by the machinery. Two mills were destroyed. Several persons were injured, but no lives were lost. The loss will amount to about \$60,000.

A fatal accident occurred at Baltimore on Tuesday morning, the 26th July. The front wall of a warehouse in course of erection on Fava street, near Lexington street, fell. Mrs. James Keyser, passing at the time, was caught beneath the ruins. Her skull was fractured, and both legs were broken, and her life is despaired of. Frank Lipp, a lad, seven years of age, was fatally injured. Two workmen were also injured, but not fatally.

The railroad elevator and adjoining sheds at Ogdensburg were burned on the 28th July, with 2,000 barrels flour and 100,000 bushels grain.

Mr. John Bellamy was, on the 28th July, arrested on a charge of setting fire to his store, No. 396 Broome street, on the 15th June last, with the intention of defrauding the insurance companies. Justice Dowling held him to bail in the sum of \$5,000.

At a late hour on Monday, the 25th July, G. P. Folsom, an additional Paymaster in the United States Army, was arrested in Washington, by order of the Secretary of War. Folsom is said to be a defaulter to the amount of about \$11,000.

Late on Wednesday night, the 27th July, William Pinto Bunsaventa, an Italian, residing at No. 64 Catharine street, and who has been partially insane for some months, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself with a pistol. Placing the muzzle of the weapon in his mouth, he fired, the ball passing up into his head and lodging under the left eye. He was conveyed to the New York Hospital.

**Art, Literature and Science.**—Mr. John Harrington has on his easel, at his studio, 16th street, a view of Province Town, Cape Cod. Harrington is one of those who divide their time between the pen and the pencil, and with greater success than generally attends a divided allegiance. His paintings are distinguished for their truthfulness and color. Rosenberg is another artist who is equally great with his pen. He has lately completed a tragedy for Forrest, and is now preparing for the press a volume of poems, which cannot fail to place him in the first rank of our living poets.

**Odds and Ends.**—The *New York Times* says: "The *Newport News* condemns the 'secessh' sentiment prevailing at that fashionable watering-place. It states that the rebel blockade is prominently displayed every day on the fashionable drives, by women who are loud-mouthed in their denunciation of the Northern people and the Union army. In the parlors these degraded females give expression to sentiments that no respectable woman will entertain, while the secession brawlers keep gentlemen away from clubs."

The old elm on the village green at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has been cut down and sold at auction for \$10 to a person who received \$100 for small pieces from it within a short time after. The tree was at least 300 years old, and had been struck several times by lightning. The distance from the ground to its first limb was over 100 feet. Everybody in Pittsfield regretted that safety made its removal necessary.

It is reported that among the heaviest individual orders for United States Five-Twenty Bonds recently executed in the London market, and pointedly referred to by the *London Times* and *Herald*, was one from The O'Donoghue, an Irish Representative in the Imperial Parliament, whom Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on his return from England expressly mentioned as one of our staunchest friends in the British Islands.

Try this, some of you. Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

One of the Sandwich Islands judges is named H; but, says an exchange paper, whether it is pronounced Hig-I-Little-I, Double-I, Eye-Eye, or My-Eyes, nobody knows.

The *Lewiston (Maine) Journal* says there are a couple of old maids in our town who have been trying to see how many cats can be multiplied by one pair. In three years the number was 442 cats and kittens.

John and Julia's chess problem, by Amator. John to move and mate in two moves:

John moves his arm round Julia's neck; She moves one square, and whispers—check; He nothing daunted, moves right straight His lips to hers, and calls out—"mate!"

Edmond About, in his late work on "Progress," divides the French elements of character into three—the churchwarden clement and the café element. The former is the work of the church and the priests; the latter is fond of pleasure, war and glory, opposes the government and hates the priests.

Dumas was lately vaunting to a fellow litterateur of the beauty of Naples, and disparaging Paris. The Parisian tartly replied that it was known that the city was so dirty it was impossible to put a foot down anywhere in safety. "But the sky is pure and celestial," said Dumas. "Yes," responded his antagonist, "because it is beyond the reach of Neapolitans to dirty it."

It was recently asserted in the French Chambers by a government orator in reply to M. Thiers that the value of the real property of France was \$3,000,000,000, of francs, or about 16,000,000,000 of dollars; and of personal property 100,000,000,000 of francs, or 24,000,000,000 of dollars. Of these last, 7,000,000,000 of francs were in money securities.

An ingenious Frenchman residing at Dunkirk has devoted the last ten years of his life to teaching music to poultry. He has taught a drake to sing many notes like a canary, and is now teaching a turkey to talk.

A French writer computes the loss of life by railroad travelling to be one in every 7,000,000 passengers. It appears from a Parliamentary return that the total number of electors for cities and boroughs in England and Wales was 478,447 in 1862-3, and 491,229 in 1863-4. In Scotland the numbers were 52,519 in 1862-3, and 52,618 in 1863-4. The total number of electors for counties in England and Wales amounted to 534,085 in 1862-3, and 535,708 in 1863-4. In Scotland the numbers have decreased from 49,643 in 1862-3 to 49,169 in 1863-4.

The fact is well-known that Dr. Goussard's Italian Medicated Soap is a certain remedy for all cutaneous diseases of the skin, as well as a potent remedy in the cure of pimples, freckles, tan, sunburn, &c. This delicious and soothing compound can be had at the Doctor's depot, 453 Broadway; and our Philadelphia readers can obtain it at Mr. Upham's well-known establishment, South Eighth street.

## DESTRUCTION OF ARMY HORSES.

The destruction of horses during our civil war is something utterly unparalleled. Statements of the daily loss have been made which are so great that they almost exceed belief. The contract for the dead horses has been one of the most profitable, if not one of the most agreeable, even among those which have made so many contractors millionaires. The mortality is caused mainly by frauds in furnishing unsound horses, and oftener still by the gross neglect of the horses. They are frequently left without food, no provision being made to get up the necessary supplies. An artist with the Army of the Cumberland some time since sent us a sketch, which we now produce, and which proves conclusively how far this neglect has gone. The wagons were actually gnawed down to the bottom by the starving horses.

## SCENES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL DURING THE REBEL RAID.

We gave in our last some sketches of this raid, which will figure so prominently in the history of our National Capital, and add now two others, the night attack on the 11th of July, and the repulse of a rebel assault by the 25th New York dismounted cavalry and militia, holding the extreme advance of our skirmish line.

The dwellings of Richard Butt, Wm. Bell, John H. McChesney, Robert McChesney, James Morrison, Abner Shoenaker, and a house occupied by David Doubay, all of them immediately in front of Fort Massachusetts, and which obstructed the range of our guns, were burned by our troops to prevent their being used as shelter for the enemy's sharpshooters. These at one time had advanced to within less than 75 yards of the fort under the cover afforded by the buildings and the immense undergrowth of bushes over the stumps of the first military clearings.

The ruins of these houses and of others fired by the enemy will be seen in our sketches.

Brisk skirmishing began again at daylight on the 12th in front of Forts Massachusetts and Stevens, on the Seventh street turnpike, about four miles and a half from the city. The rebel sharpshooters appeared to be numerous, and kept up a continual fire upon our men.

## THE REBEL RAM SAVANNAH.

The recent alarm at Savannah caused the rebels to send down the harbor their ram Savannah—the main defence of the city. Poor Georgia! with Sherman advancing into her heart, and exposed to an attack in her great city at any moment, with no part absolutely safe, begins to realize the beauties of Secession. The ram Savannah, on which she stakes her defence, is a ram of the Merrimack pattern, to which the rebels so steadily adhere. She has been for some time ready for service, but the speedy punishment and capture of the Atlanta has been such a lesson, that she has never ventured to come out to engage the Union vessels. The sketch we give is from a drawing by our Special Artist from a distant view. In her recent movements she wisely kept out of action.

## THE ALBANY STEAMBOAT ST. JOHN.

TRAVELLERS up or down the Hudson will miss it greatly if they do not make a trip on the magnificent steamboat *St. John*, which we illustrate in our paper. The press, too often, perhaps, praises any new boat when it is first put on a line, but in this case we cannot go beyond the truth in styling it the most magnificent boat ever yet seen on the North river, and surely this is high praise.

The *St. John* is 417 feet long, with a breadth of 85 feet. The wheel has a diameter of 47 feet, and is driven by an 86-inch cylinder.

Its immense surface affords unexampled accommodations; and our readers will not be surprised to learn that there are between 300 and 400 staterooms, and will carry in comfort over 1,000 people. The furniture throughout is elegant and the decorations of the saloons magnificent. It is one of those floating palaces that seem to exist only in the Arabian tales, and never to be met with in such a matter-of-fact age and country as our own.

She was built by John Englis, and is now commanded by Capt. W. H. Peck.

The *St. John* is one of the well-known People's Line (P. C. Smith, Agent), and leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, connecting with the various lines of railroad from Albany for the North and West.

## SIGNAL TOWER ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The tide of war has rolled away southward from Lookout Mountain, and it is again an object of interesting resort in summer, with its attractions heightened by its glorious historic associations, and the chance of being caught by guerrillas.

Lookout mountain is one of the most noted earth giants in America, and terrifically uplifts its majestic presence to a height of 2,400 feet above the Tennessee river at its base. The ascent to the summit is by a road four miles long, cut out of its awful and precipitous sides; but when reached, the lover of nature is amply repaid for his pilgrimage thither. Standing on its summit the tourist drinks a bracing air; his eye wanders over a vast sea of forests and cultivated fields, until its vision is bounded by the mountains, 50 miles distant. The dashing Tennessee meanders in graceful curves beneath his feet, now lost to view, and then the glimmer of its waters breaks out again in the far distance. Awful precipices and mighty rocks are all around; and looking from their dizzy heights, the rushing locomotive, the struggling steamboat and the lazy wagon train seem mere playthings amid the great realities of nature. But the most charming view of this great natural picture is from the "Point." From this place the tourist's rapturously-smitten eyes peer forth on a wondrous picture of plain, river, city and farms, farmhouses, woods and lofty hills and far-distant mountain ranges, no words can portray, no pencil paint. At one sweep of the eye, from west to east, six States may be seen, Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, North and South Carolina and Virginia. Looking straight out from the pinnacled "Point," towards the North, the eye is charmed, the heart filled, the soul intoxicated with a vision of loveliness and beauty as rare and glorious as that which greeted Cortez and his bold followers when, from the crest of the Cordilleras, their ravished gaze first fell upon the lake-dotted, palace-sprinkled, mountain-dotted Valley of Mexico. To the left you behold the Harcon Mountain, one of the sentinels of that wild pass where the Tennessee madly breaks through the barriers of its mountain home; in front the Cumberland chain, stretching grandly away towards the north; to the right, in the rear distance, the Clinchmount range, sweeping around in graceful curves from south to north, while above and beyond, majestically overtopping all, rise the distant Alleghanies, robed in blues as "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" as poesy ever sang, or lover ever dreamed. Within these mountain ranges, and spread out at your feet like an illuminated chart, lies a vast, shield-shaped plain, diversified by wooded hills, sparkling streams—the lovely Tennessee running through it from end to end like a curbed white ribbon girdling its beauty—thread-like lines of railway, fair-lying farms, with speck-like cottages in their midst, and in the centre a gem of increasing splendor—the little city of Chattanooga. It was from this point that the Indians were wont to destroy the distant approach of the immigrant boats of the white men.

and give notice to their confederates stationed below it be in readiness to attack them. Traces of military occupation will long remain in this remote wilderness, and travellers have pointed out the rebel signal station, the works that Hooker stormed, the heights he shaled.

## LITERATURE.

We have great pleasure in calling attention to a new *Art Journal*, whose start in life has been so successful that it bids fair to be one of those rare phenomena in the periodical press of the present day—both a critical and pecuniary success. It is with a feeling of additional pleasure that we recognise it as the property and under the editorial supervision of one with whom our readers have had a long acquaintance, an acquaintanceship which we believe was disagreeable neither to him nor them, although his connection as editor has for some time ceased with this paper. We allude to Henry C. Watson.

The leading feature of *Watson's Art Journal* is musical criticism, although general art and literature both receive a fair share of genial and critical consideration. The tone of the criticism is elevated in character, yet liberally predisposed to kindness rather than censure; and as an intellectual brochure, this journal must rank among the very best which have ever appeared to the musical and artistic public. One feature it possesses that is undoubtedly attractive; every week it publishes one or two "Lyrics for Music," in many of which we recognise the graceful and facile pen of the editor himself. We should be tempted to quote from these charming lyrics, one or more of them, but we think that the best way will be to recommend our readers to forward their subscriptions for the *Journal* to the publication office, at Westworth's Hall, which will insure their copies being sent on one of the most talented and thorough of the many attempts to establish a permanent channel for sound artistic criticism in New York. It deserves the success that it has met with, and it is with decided satisfaction that we chronicle this fact in our own columns.

**TRINITY COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.**—This collection has been made by the late Dr. Hodges of Trinity Church, in this city, with valuable editions by the present editor, S. Parkman Tuckerman, organist in St. Paul's church, Boston. It is undeniably the best work of the kind ever published in the United States, and indeed we may frankly say that it is a volume which deserves, for its general correctness and comprehensiveness, to be in the hands of every church choir or serious choral society in the country.

## LOVEABLE WOMEN.

ACCORDING to a new "Theory of Harmony and Form," certain combinations of a circle, triangle and square produce a perfect type of female beauty. This may be called reducing loveliness to a mathematical demonstration. We have always considered women a wonderful problem, yet never suspected that this was the true solution. But perhaps the theory is only symbolic. A hoop is a circle, the Eugenic cocked hat is a triangle, and the fashionable cloaks are all squares. Possibly the new theorists intend it to be understood that these three, with a good-looking girl "included," constitute the best ideal of feminine fascination. If so, we don't agree with them. The "Theory" goes on to say, however, that the "regulation of the geometrical figures must be in accord with certain harmonic proportions existing in music;" from which we infer that a lady mathematically beautiful appears to most advantage when dancing to the sound of a piano.

Our own notion of a truly loveable woman—and none other is really beautiful—is not mathematical, though it may comprehend harmony and melody, especially of the voice. There are women of sweet, maidenly nature, growing up in the practice of kindness, of tender household duties, of simple godly aims, and of genial, pleasant accomplishments.

"Till, at the last, they set themselves to man Like perfect music unto noble words."

Byron brings before us the image of one of this sweet sisterhood in half a dozen lines:

"Around her shone The nameless charms unmarked by her alone; The light of love, the purity of grace, The mind, the music breathing from her face, The heart whose softness harmonized the whole— And oh! that eye was in itself a soul."

One rarely sees this style of lady in the street in a pork-pie hat with a scarlet feather, or at the opera heavily fettered with jewellery. She does not divide her walking hours into three equal parts—devoting one to gossip, one to shopping, and one to flirting. She reads, thinks, never scolds; and when she loves—she loves.

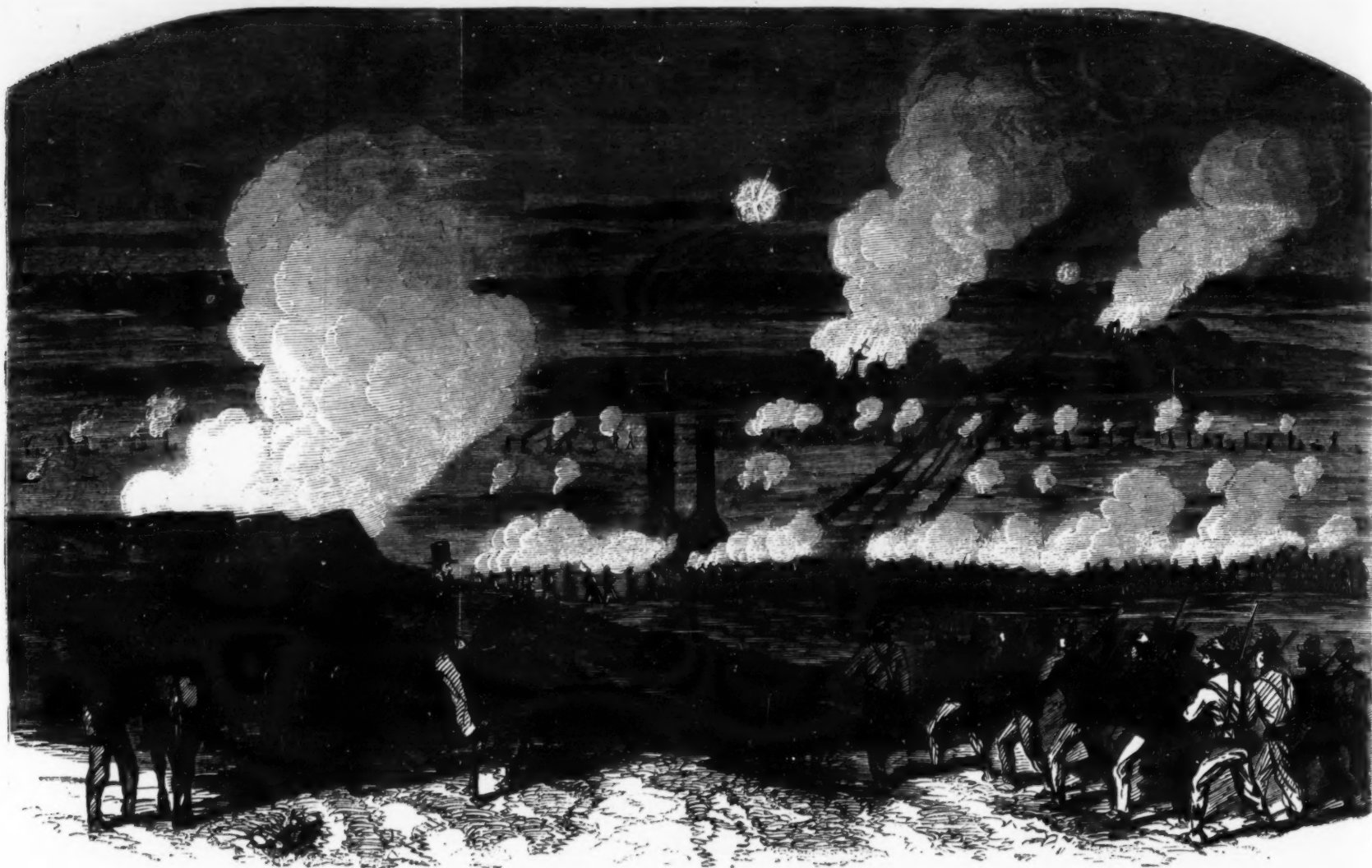
ARMY pies are so terribly tough that the soldiers call them leather pies. A poor fellow of Grant's army, whose arm had just been amputated, was being carried past a stand the other day where an old woman was selling pies, when he raised himself in the ambulance and called out:

"I say, old woman, are those pies sewed or pegged?"

**THE RULING PASSION.**—In the "Bald Eagle Ridge," in Clinton county, Pennsylvania, lives a certain maiden lady. Twice in her lifetime she was engaged to be married, and twice some unforeseen event interposed to destroy her hopes of matrimonial bliss. Here was a sad case. Time began to wrinkle her fair brow, and no new suitors were there to offer themselves. To add to her distress she became sick, "nigh unto death." The junior preacher on the circuit—a large, overgrown and bashful boy—was sent for. The sick room was well filled with sympathizing neighbors when the young divine made his appearance, and, after some remarks, proceeded to read a portion of the Scripture. He fell upon the chapter in which the woman of Samaria is introduced. When he read the words: "Who call thy husband," the sick woman groaned a little; but when he uttered the words: "The woman answered and said, I have no husband," the dying woman rose upright in her bed, her eyes flashing fire as she squeaked out the following: "I ain't agoin' to stand yer taunts, if you are a preacher—clear out of the house now! I've had two chances for a husband, and will live to see another—see if I don't!" She recovered, but the war interfered with her matrimonial prospects.

**ADVICE THAT EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.**—We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend these hints as worthy of consideration: Never use a lady's name in an improper time or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor—very feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the surest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes its poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mothers and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name undarned and their lives unclouded by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some fellow-creature.





SCENES NEAR WASHINGTON, DURING THE REBEL RAID—NIGHT ATTACK, JULY 11, ON FORT STEVENS WHILE THE PRESIDENT WAS THERE.

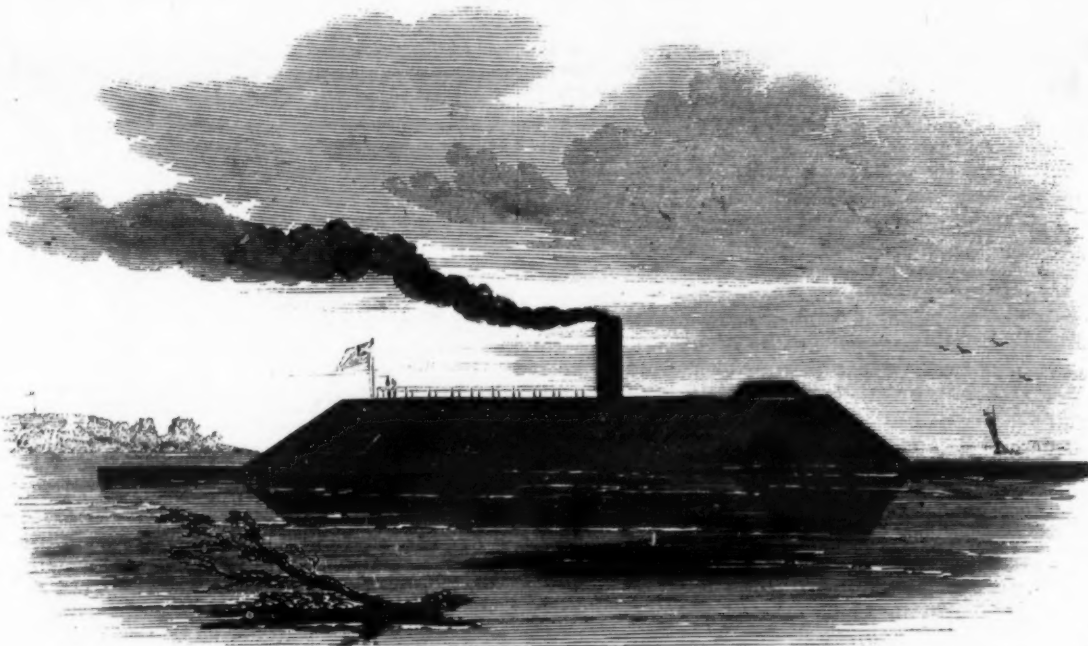
**COL. B. F. TRACY,  
109th N. Y.**

It would be unfair to the officers of inferior rank if we were to confine our illustrations simply to the many brigadier and major-generals. We have taken as a creditable specimen of the colonels the commanding officer of the 109th New York.

Col. B. F. Tracy was, at the beginning of the war, a successful lawyer in Tioga county. He was born at Owego, in that division of the State of New York, on the 26th of April, 1830. Here he was educated and admitted to the bar. At the age of 23 he was so prominent that he was, in spite of his youth, elected District Attorney, and filled the position with such credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents that he was re-elected.

In the fall of 1861 the people of the county were deeply interested in the completion of the Chenango Canal, and urged Mr. Tracy to allow himself to be put forward as a candidate for the Assembly, to urge the measure. He was elected, and obtained the passage of the required act, which, however, failed to become a law from the fact that the Governor omitted to sign it.

In the summer of 1862 he was selected by the Military Committee for the 24th Senatorial District to raise a regiment of volunteers. It was a new field entirely to him, but he undertook the task with his wonted energy, and raising two regiments, offered to get up a third. On the 23d July, 1862, he was commissioned Colonel of the 109th, and



THE DEFENCES OF SAVANNAH—THE REBEL RAM SAVANNAH, NOW READY FOR ACTION.

on the 30th of August marched with it the seat of war. After some time spent in the defences of Washington it was ordered to Warrenton Junction, where it joined the 9th corps, being attached to Gen. Hartranft's brigade, of the 3d (Wilcox's) division.

At the battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, it carried the enemy's rifle pits, though unable to hold them. In a second charge they again carried them, and pushed on their Colonel in the van, but as he was not supported he fell back to the captured works, and forming them, held them against all attacks.

**THE GENEVAN PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH**

Is situated on Gates Avenue, corner of Hunter street, Brooklyn, and was constructed during the past winter and spring, under the supervision of Mr. John H. Kelso, for the Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church. It was ready for occupation in April, but owing to the absence of the pastor (Rev. W. B. Lee), was not dedicated until the 19th of June.

The edifice is built of brick, and its extreme appearance is neat, symmetrical and substantial. Within, the principal room or auditorium is about 33 feet by 60 feet, and 25 feet in height, abundantly lighted and well furnished. Opposite the platform and desk, and under the front gable, is an ornamental stained window, bordered by leaves of oak, encircling the legend, "Jehovah Tsid-kenu"—"The Lord our Righteousness"—an old testament title of Christ.

The trussing of the roof timbers is exposed, having been finished and grained in oak, to correspond with the other woodwork; the walls are rough cast in blocks, representing cut-stone; the whole effect is pleasant; the room will seat about 300 persons; cost, \$9,000.

It was formally dedicated on Sunday, June 19th. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. Philip Schoff, D. D. The theme was the internal and external development of the Church of God, as

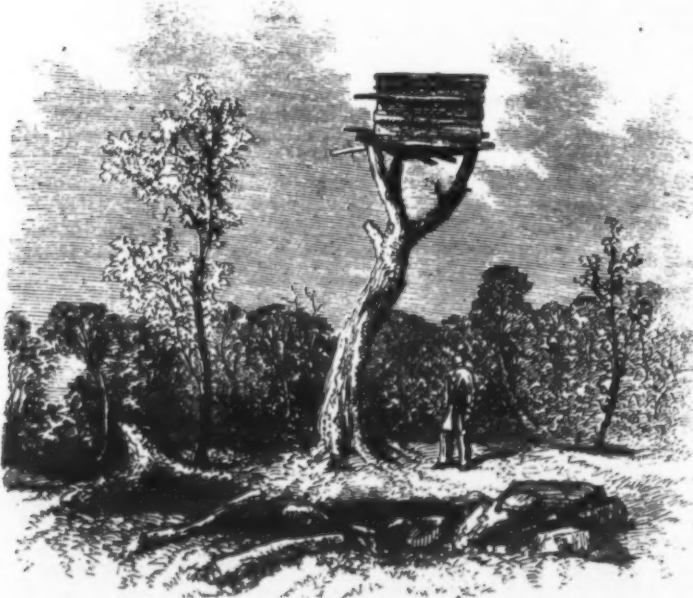
illustrated by the twin parables of the leaven and the mustard seed. In addition to the pastor, Rev. W. B. Lee, the Rev. Drs. Hodge and Norris assisted in the services. In the afternoon the dedication sermon was preached by the pastor from text Exodus xxv. 8: "Let them build me a sanctuary that I may dwell amongst them." A discourse solemn, impressive and evangelical.

The Rev. Dr. West administered the ordinance of baptism to the youngest child of the pastor previous to the sermon, and at the conclusion of the discourse offered the formal dedicatory prayer. The Rev. Messrs. Beebe and Hancock, of the Presbytery of Nassau, were also present and assisted in the exercises.

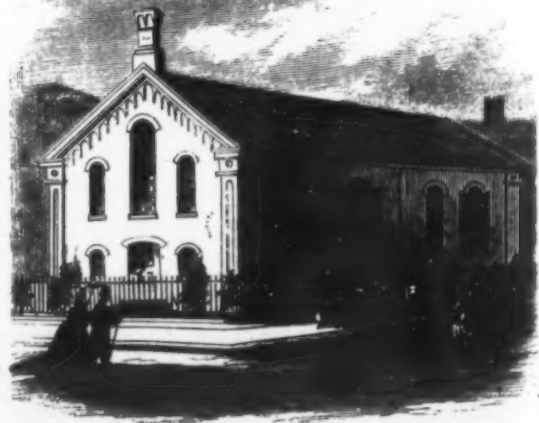
In the evening the Rev. Dr. Rice preached from Ephesians ii. 8: "By grace are ye saved;" and was assisted in the accompanying services by the Rev. D. H. Junkin, D. D., and the Rev. Dr. Elmendorf, of the Reformed Dutch Church, and also by Rev. Mr. Neander, of the Presbytery of Nassau. Several other clergymen also were present. The house was filled throughout the day with a most attentive and interesting audience.

In our old age the mind brings together the scenes of to-day and those of the long gone time. We shut 50 years into each other like the joints of a pocket telescope.

THERE are many trials in life which do not seem to come from unwisdom or folly. They are silver arrows shot from the bow of God and fixed inextricably in the quivering heart.



SIGNAL STATION ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, ERECTED BY THE REBELS DURING THEIR OCCUPATION.



THE GENEVAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.



## THE ARK.

BY ROSENBERG.

I.

SALTLY surging round my soul  
Swart and deep the waters roll—  
No horizon can I see  
Where a place of rest may be.  
Out, young Passion! out and try  
The pathless wave and boundless sky;  
Passion's wing is loosed in vain—  
Passion finds no pause nor rest—  
With ruffled wing and ruffled breast,  
Passion cometh home again.

II.

Out, Ambition! stronger still—  
Great of heart and large of will—  
Vulture wing and eagle eye—  
Sweep the wave and search the sky,  
Spite of storm and battling wind,  
Place and spot of rest to find.  
But in vain, Ambition's flight  
Sweeps the wave for place of rest;  
Home it comes, with bleeding breast,  
Shattered wing and failing might.

III.

Dear Home-dweller! gentle Love!  
Timid plume and eye of dove!  
Thine at length the task to try—  
Out, and search the wave and sky.  
Nor flies the trembling one in vain—  
Back it comes in joy again.  
Love brings home the olive-leaf—  
Love has found the place of rest—  
Woman's true and tender breast—  
Only home in every grief.



## THE DESERTED HOUSE,

AND WHAT HAPPENED IN IT.

BY CLAIRE CROFTON.

I CAME upon it in the course of my solitary ramble one afternoon. I was out on a berrying expedition, and having heaped my basket with the great shining blackberries, and perceiving signs of an approaching shower, I turned to retrace my steps. But I had wandered further than I had any idea of, and was a little uncertain what direction to take. Judging from the landmarks, I concluded I must be full two miles from home. Heavy masses of thunderladen clouds were surging up from the north-west, and rapidly darkening the whole heavens, the rain would be upon me before I could walk half that distance. I hastened my steps, anxious to find some refuge from the impending shower.

As I emerged from the woods I paused and glanced around me in every direction. Only one human habitation was in sight, that was solitary farmhouse, situate in the midst of a field, at some distance from the highway. I let down the bars, which formed the primitive mode of entrance into this domain, and hurried along the narrow foot-path leading to the house, hoping to find shelter beneath its roof. As I approached the lonely dwelling I could discover no signs of life about the premises; no smoke wreath curled gracefully from the tall chimneys, no open door invited the traveller to enter. A nearer view satisfied me that the place was deserted. The house was old, weather-stained and dilapidated, loose clapboards rattled in the wind, and moss and lichens grew upon the roof. The front yard was overrun with burdock, plantain and Roman wormwood. Here and there a sunflower or hollyhock reared its head among the weeds, but there were no other flowers. A straggling line of gooseberry and currant bushes beside the wall, and a few scattered, scraggy plum trees in that direction, gave proof that a garden had once existed there.

The air of desolation and neglect that brooded over the whole place gave me a disagreeable, almost painful sensation, but there was no time for extended observations. A burst of thunder rattled over my head, and a few heavy raindrops, the avant-couriers of the coming storm, pattered on the dusty grass at my feet.

I ran up the stone steps and tried the heavy-panelled door; it was fast, and refused to open to my needs. The windows were without blind or curtain, and through them I could look into the square, empty rooms within.

"There must be another way of entrance, and I will find it," I said.

And hurrying round the corner of the house,



COL. B. F. TRACY, 109TH N. Y. V.

found a second door, on the backside. This, less securely fastened than the other, yielded to my efforts to open it, and I entered the house.

Passing through a long entry, I found myself in a large room, which must have served as a kitchen in former days. The atmosphere of the apartment was close and musty, and my first act was to set down my basket and throw open a window to admit the fresh air. Then I glanced around me. The room was bare of furniture. There was a large open fireplace at one end, black and yawning, like the mouth of a cavern; the smoke-stained ceiling was seamed with great cracks, and looked ready to give way altogether. The mouldy wallpaper

hung off in loose flakes from the wall, and rattled like dry bones in the gust of air that swept through the room. I started nervously at the sound, and felt relieved when I discovered what had occasioned it. I had rather at any time look on a grave and a headstone than on a deserted house. In the one we know that a human body lies mouldering back to its kindred dust; but the other is full of vague terrors and undefined apprehensions, there is a brooding silence in the air, as though it were thick with mysteries which it dared not impart. The very walls have a language of their own, they are written all over with hieroglyphics by invisible fingers; the windows look like so many great eyes,



Sheltering from the Storm.

lidless and unwinking, guarding the secrets of the house, while they read those of your own soul. There is a rustling of garments sweeping past you; you feel, though you do not hear, the sound of foot-falls, and you start with a shiver through your whole frame as a chilly breath, with the sound of a sigh in it, fans your cheek.

Such fancies thronged my mind as I stood on the deserted hearthstone and gazed around the dismantled room, and I found myself repeating, half unconsciously:

"O'er all there hung a shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit haunted,  
Which said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The house is haunted!"

"Tahaw!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "this is mere childish weakness. I thought that my nerves were stronger. Longfellow says that 'All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses.' If that's so, ghosts are too plentiful to make it worth one's while to be afraid of them; besides, they never make their appearance by daylight, they are regular birds of darkness."

I did not attempt to visit the other parts of the house, but, throwing off my hat and shawl, crouched down on the white pine floor, beside the open window, and watched the blackened sky, lit up almost momentarily by sheets of dazzling flame. The roll of the thunder was continuous, and the rain came down as though threatening the earth with a second deluge.

"If this continues till night, as it seems likely to do," thought I, "I shall have the choice of spending the night here, or trying to grope my way through the darkness. A pleasant prospect, truly. What an adventure it would be to relate to my summer friends!"

And that thought suggested others, and I forgot all about the storm in the train of reflections thus awakened. Six weeks before I had been engaged in the follies and flirtations of a fashionable watering-place. Why had I left it so suddenly? Ah, thereby hangs a tale.

Until my seventeenth year I had known nothing of wealth or luxury, for up to that time my father's daily life had been a hand-to-hand struggle with poverty, to procure the means of subsistence and of educating his children, as he had resolved they



Effects of the Lightning.

should be educated, despite all obstacles. But about that period he came unexpectedly into the possession of a large fortune, left him by a distant relative. Our whole course of life was at once changed; society discovered at once that Mr. Harley was a most refined and gentlemanly personage, and his daughter Mildred, myself, a beautiful and accomplished young lady.

To be sure, my father had been the perfect gentleman that he now was previous to his accession of wealth, and my own blonde beauty had been as radiant before that event as afterwards, only society had not seen it in that light. Well, perhaps a gem does show the fairer for its rich setting, and my wealth of golden brown hair may have shown more lustrous with the milk-white pearls twined amid its silken braids than it did when simply garlanded with wild flowers, and the snow of my neck and arms may have gleamed whiter in contrast with the sparkling jewels with which they were wreathed. At any rate, I was not disposed to quarrel with the admiration that was now accorded me, nor to depreciate its value. I was an heiress; I became a belle, and for three years had queened it right royally over my subjects.

Among my admirers I numbered a young lawyer, Sweyn Selcott by name, who was employed by my father in law business connected with the property to which he had become heir. My father thought highly of him, and perhaps my own opinion was not less favorable. He was poor, in the common acceptance of the term, having only his native talents and energy to depend upon in winning his way in the world, but rich in the most noble qualities of head and heart, and in a reputation that was without a stain. He never spoke to me of his love, but he betrayed it by look and act, and I was as sure of its existence as though the confession had been already breathed in my ear. I knew that it was pride alone that withheld the avowal, for he dreaded the imputation of being a fortune-seeker, and perhaps feared that I should do him that injustice.

I have said that the beginning of the fashionable season that summer found me at Newport. Sweyn Selcott soon joined our party there. It was the first time he had ever left his business to idle at a watering-place; was I wrong in supposing that I was the magnet that attracted him there? One



pleasant night he drew me away from the heat and glare of the ballroom on to the moonlit piazza, where we were joined by another couple, my friend Annie Wilbur and her lover. Annie was in high spirits, and commenced giving Mr. Selcott an animated description of a ride we had taken that day and a cottage at which we had called for water.

"It was such a cottage as we read about in novels," Mr. Selcott, she said, "all embowered in vines and roses. I looked to see Mildred go into extacies over it, and was disappointed that she did not, for she is strongly inclined to the sentimental, you know."

"I did not know it," said Mr. Selcott, quietly. "Oh, yes; you should have heard her, as I did, read the ballad of 'Edwin and Angelina' the other day. The very tone in which she repeated

"No wealth nor power had he,  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me,"

spoke volumes."  
"How many?" I asked, drily.  
"Oh, a dozen, or so," said Annie, laughing; "but no one could have read those lines as you read them without having fully adopted their spirit. You evidently believed the doctrine."

I reddened with anger and annoyance at her badinage. Sweyn Selcott's eyes were fixed full on my face; was he trying to read my thoughts? What spirit of evil prompted me to answer Annie as I did?

"You are mistaken," I said, "in thinking that I incline to 'love in a cottage' and that sort of sentimental trash. I have seen too much of the evils of poverty to be willing to encounter them again. My ideal of a residence is a brown stone front, in a fashionable avenue. I prefer gaslight to glowworms, velvet tapestry carpets to rush-covered floors, silk damask to plain white muslin for curtains, and rosewood and marble to cheap pine for furniture. I consider vases, pictures and statuettes as indispensable articles, and a liberal supply of well-trained servants as among the necessities of life."

I had spoken with a tone and emphasis that left no doubt as to my meaning just what I said. What bitter cause for repentance I soon had! Was it the moonlight falling full on Sweyn Selcott's face which gave it that white, fixed look, or had my words produced it?

"You have drawn the picture with a skillful hand," said Annie, gaily; "but wouldn't the presence of a certain rich young M. C. be necessary to complete it?"

"Perhaps so," I answered, carelessly, as I turned away.

Her M. C. meant, not a member of Congress, but a wealthy young Philadelphian, Mortimer Crosby, who was foremost in my train of devotees, and the allusion was understood by my companions.

"The night air is chilly. Shall we return to the ballroom?" said Mr. Selcott, folding my shawl about me. He spoke in a hoarse, changed voice, and I accepted his arm in silence. At the door of the ballroom he said abruptly:

"I leave this place in the morning."

"So soon!" I said, with a slight start.

"Yes; I ought to have gone before—I have lingered here too long."

Some one approached at that moment and claimed my hand for the dance. Mr. Selcott bowed and withdrew. I did not see him again that evening.

Early the next morning a note was placed in my hand; it was very brief, and ran thus:

"MILDRED—I could not leave without bidding you farewell. You have roused me from the sweetest dream that ever man indulged in. But, painful as is the awakening, I thank you for the frankness that has left me nothing either to hope or fear. We shall never meet again. May you be happy. Farewell! SWEYN SELCOTT."

Well, it was all over then. I might have expected it, knowing him as I did. What if the hand that held the tiny scroll was clenched until the nails pierced the tender flesh. What if the red blood ebbed away from cheek and lip, leaving my face ghastly in its pallor! If my own hand had reeked with the wine of life, I was not one to sigh and complain because the tempting draught could never again be offered to my thirsting lips. No matter how painfully the heart might throb beneath its silken vest so that the world never suspected the secret of its suffering.

I remained at Newport a week longer, outwardly gayer and more brilliant than ever; then I declared to my father that I was sick to death of the everlasting round of dancing, boating and bathing, and I coaxed him to take me on a visit to my aunt Margaret Howe. He consented willingly, for he almost idolized me, his youngest child, and I believe he would have accompanied me to Siberia without a murmur, had I fancied a pleasure jaunt to that somewhat distant locality.

I loved my aunt Margaret dearly, for she had supplied a mother's place to me through the years that I had been motherless. She lived on a farm in a pleasant little country place called Eastbrook, and hither we journeyed as fast as cars and stage-coaches could convey us.

She received me with open arms, and inveighed energetically against the late hours and health-destroying pleasures that had, as she supposed, stolen the roses from my cheeks. She at once established a regimen which she made me carry out most faithfully. She kept me in the open air, got me to hunt hen's nests, pull peas and work in the flower garden; sent me to bed at preposterously early hours, and had me rise with the sun; gave me new milk and fresh eggs, the sweetest of butter and the whitest of home-made bread for my breakfast, and then wondered what could ail me that all her efforts failed to win back my bloom and spirits. But I was improving mentally if not physically. Hours of solitary thought and communion with nature were gradually, but surely, effecting a change in my character. It dawned upon me that there were nobler aims and purposes in life than those I had been pursuing. The bit-

terness had all gone out of my heart. I acknowledged to myself, humbly and sorrowfully, that I had foolishly wrecked my own happiness, but henceforth, heaven helping me, I would live for the good of others.

My aunt's latest specific had been to send me out on long daily walks, ostensibly for the purpose of gathering berries, and this brings me back to that particular afternoon, and my situation in the deserted house.

Wrapt in my own thoughts, I heeded neither the war of elements without nor the gloom and loneliness within, until a harsh, creaking sound startled me out of my reverie and on to my feet. It was the opening of the front door which I had tried in vain. I heard it groan as it swung inward on its rusty hinges, and then closed again with a clash. Next came quick, heavy footsteps along the passage way and into the room adjoining the one which I occupied. I stood expectant, and a little apprehensive. The door between the rooms was flung open, and—could I believe the evidence of my eyes?—there, on the threshold, stood Sweyn Selcott, gazing upon me with a look of unutterable surprise, as though doubting the reality of the vision before him. We stood facing each other in silence. He was the first to speak:

"Mildred—Miss Harley—is it really you in bodily form, or is it only an illusion of the eyesight?"

It is certainly me, and in the flesh," I replied, with a smile, surprise, and a slight touch of amusement at the singularity of the affair, relieving me of the embarrassment which I should otherwise have felt at this unexpected meeting.

"Ah, yes, your voice proves your identity; but how in the name of all that's wonderful does it happen that I find you here?"

"That is easily explained. I am visiting a relative in this neighborhood—Mrs. Margaret Howe. I came out this afternoon to gather berries—in proof whereof witness my basket—I lost my way in the wood, saw the shower coming up, described this house and effected an entrance by force of arms just in time to escape the rain. Now account for your own appearance, if you please."

"Mine! Oh, I came for the sole purpose of looking once more on my old home before I bade it farewell for ever, but less fortunate than you, I was caught by the shower before I reached the house."

"Your old home?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes; this place belongs to me. You did not suspect that I was the owner of so much real estate, did you? I am happy that it has afforded you shelter. Allow me to welcome you to my ancestral halls!"

He spoke in such light, mocking tones, that I was uncertain whether he was in jest or earnest.

"I can't believe you are serious," I said; "if the place is really yours, it must have come to you in fee from some breakdown client. It looks as though it might have passed through a lawsuit bodily."

"No," he answered more gravely, "I inherited it from an uncle, I will tell you about it, but first let me find you a chair, I think there are some stowed away in the attic."

He ran lightly up the stairs and returned presently, bearing two old-fashioned flag-bottomed chairs, one of which he placed for me and invited me to be seated.

"I wish I could offer you refreshments," he said gaily, "but unfortunately my larder is empty."

"I can supply that deficiency," I said, smiling; "please accept some of my berries, you will find them nearly as sweet as those you eat in childhood, when all fruit retains its original Eden freshness to the taste."

He accepted them with thanks, pronouncing them delicious. He did not take the other chair, but remained standing on the hearth with his arm resting on the mantelpiece.

"I promised," he said, after a moment's pause, "to tell you how I came in possession of this place. The story can be told in a few words. It was the home of my uncle, the only relative I ever knew—for I was orphaned in infancy. He adopted me, and was in all respects a father to me. He was a singular being; silent and gloomy always, his very presence threw a chilling shadow over my childish sports. What secret sorrow or painful memory was slowly eating out his life I never knew, but in all the years that I lived with him I never saw him smile. The man's face was a living tombstone; engraved in its deep lines you might read 'Sacred to the memory of—what?' Some lost hope, some buried passion perhaps, whose death had made him the wreck that he was. He was kind to me always, and though avoiding society himself, permitted me to mingle with it as freely as I chose."

"When I was sixteen I left his roof to enter on my collegiate course, and in after years only visited it at intervals. After leaving college I commenced the study of the law, and had just taken out a licence to practice when I was summoned home to attend the funeral of my uncle. He had died suddenly of heart disease while in the act of inditing a letter to me, and was found sitting in his chair, the pen still clasped in his stiffened fingers. From the few lines written it was evident that he was about to impart to me some important communication, but death cut short the intended revelation. As heir-at-law I came in possession of this house and the small farm attached to it."

"There had always been an impression in the neighborhood that my uncle was a wealthy man. In early life he had been engaged in mercantile pursuits, which he had abandoned suddenly from some unknown cause, probably it was connected with the sad secret of his life, whatever that might be."

"He had always paid my expenses, and supplied me liberally with pocket-money. I knew not from what source he derived his funds, for he was reserved in all his transactions, and I loved him too sincerely to question him with regard to anything that he chose to keep secret; but I had given no credit to the vague rumors concerning his supposed wealth, and felt no disappointment at find-

ing myself heir only to a tumble-down house and a few acres of unproductive land. Henceforth I must depend entirely on my own resources. A lingering attachment to the home of my childhood made me unwilling to sell the place, if indeed I could have found a purchaser, and the isolated situation of the house rendered it difficult to find a tenant for it, so I fastened up the premises and left the place to solitude. That was seven years ago. I have seldom visited it since, but of late I have felt an irresistible longing to look upon it once more before the ocean divided me from it, perhaps for ever."

"The ocean!" I said; "are you going to leave your native land?"

"I start for California next week."

"Indeed!"

I tried hard to steady my voice, and I do not think there was any faltering in its tones as I continued:

"Do you think of making a permanent home on that auriferous soil, or shall you return when you have achieved—what I suppose is the object of your ambition—a fortune?"

"Who knows? It will be just as destiny decides. Perhaps at some far distant day, say twenty years or so from the present time, if my life is spared, I may return to look once more on familiar scenes and the faces of old friends, if any such are left."

He paused a moment, and then resumed in a half-bitter, half-mocking tone:

"If such a thing should happen, I presume I should have the pleasure of finding you a blooming matron, presiding as Mrs. Mortimer Crosby, or Mrs. Somebody else, over the palatial mansion you are destined to occupy."

Why need he have said that? Did he wish to torture me? I almost hated him for the moment as he stood there, so cool and calm, looking down upon me from his six feet of altitude, with those dark, searching eyes, that seemed to read my face as they would an open book. How handsome he was, to be sure; with those finely chiselled features set off by the closely curling beard and hair, as black and glossy as—as well, after all I can find no better comparison than that much-used raven's wing. My manner was coolness itself, as I answered:

"Very possibly you may. Time brings strange changes, and teaches us some startling truths, and you may chance to learn a lesson from it."

"What do you mean, Mildred?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing in particular; my words had a general application."

There was silence for a few moments. Our conversation had been interrupted every now and then by rattling volleys of thunder, and sharp, blinding flashes of lightning. I had drawn my chair close to the open window, he observed it, and said hastily:

"You must not sit there, Mildred! it is dangerous, and that window ought not to be open."

I rose just as he stepped forward to close it. How shall I describe what followed? A broad sheet of blue flame suddenly illuminated the room. I felt myself flung backward, as by an invisible hand. A current of electricity seemed pouring through my system. A stunning crash, as though the house was falling about our heads, was in my ears for an instant, then sight and sense failed together. When they returned, dimly at first, and then more perfectly, I rose slowly up from the floor on which I had been lying prostrate, and gazed around me with a stunned and bewildered feeling. The room was filled with a strongly sulphureous smell that nearly choked me. I saw at once where the fiery bolt had struck. The whole wall of the room opposite the window was a confused mass of ruins. Blackened and splintered boards, torn and shrivelled paper, fragments of brick and heaps of plaster were mingled together indiscriminately.

But my companion, Sweyn Selcott, where was he? A second glance showed him to me. He lay directly in the pathway made by the lightning, extended at full length, silent and motionless as the dead. Was he living? I dared not ask myself the question as I knelt, awestruck, at his side. His eyes were closed as if in slumber, his face calm and placid as that of an infant. There was no mark of the fiery fluid on his person, as far as I could observe. I raised his head on my arm, and loosened his neckcloth, then I clasped his wrist, and searched breathlessly for the faint throbbing that should whisper of life. But no pulse fluttered beneath the pressure of my trembling fingers. I tried his temples, the same terrible stillness there. Water! water! surely that would revive him. It was pouring in torrents outside, but I had no vessel to catch it in. Necessity suggested the expedient. I seized my light shawl and held it outstretched from the window. It was saturated in a moment. Then I wrung the cool stream from its folds on to his head, and let it trickle down his face. Again and again I repeated the experiment, pausing only to chafe his cold hands, or to watch eagerly for the faintest symptom of returning consciousness. All in vain! Not the lightest breath fluttered from between the closed lips, not the faintest tremor stirred an eyelid. Was this indeed death? Help must be procured at some rate, but how was I to obtain it. If I went forth in that drenching rain, ignorant as I was what course to take, might it not be hours before I could reach a house and dispatch assistance? And if a faint spark of life still lingered in the form before me, would it not be utterly extinguished before the long-delayed help could arrive? I had kept complete control over myself until this moment; doing everything that suggested itself as calmly as if I was about some ordinary employment; knowing that if I would be of any service to him, I must not give way to tears or terrors.

But now, as I gazed on that white, still face, all hope abandoned me, and the anguish of my heart found vent in one wild, despairing cry:

"Dead! dead! Oh, my God! and I loved him so!"

Has human love, in its strong agony and mighty passion, power to call back the soul that is fluttering on the verge of eternity?

I almost thought so the next moment, as I detected a slight, tremulous motion of my companion's lips, so slight at first that I feared my eyes had deceived me, but a little after a flickering light, like a ripple of sunshine, swept slowly over his face. I watched with clasped hands and suspended breath, divided between hope and fear. Then the dark eyes opened slowly, and fixed themselves full on my face, as I bent over him. He lay quietly regarding me for a few moments, as though trying to collect his thoughts sufficiently to account for my presence so near him. Presently he spoke:

"Where am I? What has happened?"

I told him in a few words. My voice quivered a little now, and the tears struggled hard to force their way, but I kept them back resolutely.

"I remember all now," he said; "I saw the flash, but was conscious of nothing more. I think I was prostrated, and the breath driven from my body, by the mere force of the shock, as I have read of men on the battlefield being struck down by the wind of a cannon-ball that passed without touching them. I do not think that I am injured at all; I wonder if I could rise?"

I gave him my hand, and with some difficulty he regained his feet, but he staggered with weakness, and I was obliged to assist him to a chair. I sank into the other, my strength all gone, now that the excitement which had kept it up had passed away.

"My poor child," he said, "how white you are! and you tremble from weakness more than I do. You must have been terribly frightened."

I smiled faintly in answer.

"I think," he added, after gazing for a moment on the wreck wrought by the lightning, "I think we have both been very near the gates of death this day."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and his lips moved as if in prayer. My own head was bowed, and from both hearts went up a fervent thanksgiving to the All-Father for the life that He had preserved.

"What is this?" said my companion, with a look of surprise, as he passed his hand across his open throat, and then through his damp hair.

I explained what I had done.

"And you had the courage and presence of mind to use means for my recovery. You are a brave girl, Mildred."

I was silent; he leaned towards me.

"Mildred, the first thing of which I was conscious when recovering from that deathlike trance was the sound of your voice. I heard it, as in a dream, before I could move a finger or give the faintest sign of life, but every word was distinctly audible to me. Mildred, will you abide by that confession?"

I turned away my head, and put up my hands to hide the burning blushes that were covering face and neck.

"Mildred," he resumed; "I have loved you long, with a love as deep and devoted as ever glowed in a human bosom. But you were an heiress, and pride restrained the confession of my feelings. I had made up my mind, however, to hazard the avowal, when some remarks of yours, the last night of my stay at Newport, completely crushed my hopes, and I left your presence resolved to quit friends at home, and seek, amid far distant scenes, to forget one whom I had loved so vainly and so well. You remember the words to which I allude."

"That foolish speech," I said; "pray forget that I uttered it. I never meant it in earnest, and have regretted it bitterly since."

I paused in confusion, maiden pride and shame checking the confession of what I had suffered.

"I will forget it gladly," he replied, "if you will only permit me to remember those other words spoken to-day."

I did not answer in words, but slowly, timidly, I turned, and with beating heart, and downcast eyes, laid my hand in his.

He clasped it close, and drawing me nearer—but no matter for the rest. The next half hour slipped swiftly by, for we had much to say to each other.

"But your father," questioned my companion, a little doubtfully.

"Will not say 'no,' where I have answered 'yes,'" I replied. "Rest easy on that score. My father loves me too well to oppose me in anything essential to my happiness."

The rain had nearly ceased. The clouds were breaking away, showing the blue sky between their rifts, and the thunder muttered faintly in the distance.

"We shall be able to venture forth soon," remarked my companion.

"Are you strong enough to walk so far?" I asked, doubtfully.

"We shall not need to walk; I left my horse and carriage in the shed, not a dozen rods from the house."

He had risen as he spoke, and approaching the fireplace, stood gazing on the ruins. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation that drew me to his side, and following the direction of his eyes I saw what attracted his attention. The wall above the mantelpiece was not of plaster, but of woodwork curiously panelled. This had been covered with paper which was torn away, and through the shattered woodwork a cavity in the wall beneath was plainly visible. My companion pushed aside the broken panel, and revealed a tiny closet with a single shelf in it. On this shelf lay a square package, of moderate size, wrapped in brown paper, and strongly secured. It was directed on the outside:

"For my nephew, Sweyn Selcott. To be opened only by him."

"It is my uncle's handwriting," said Selcott, "and doubtless it was the secret of this hiding-place which he was about to reveal when his hand was palsied by death."



He broke the seals of the package, and re-  
 ing several wrappings, the inner one being of  
 silk, disclosed the contents—a number of  
 papers neatly tied together.

"We will sit down and look these over at our  
 leisure," he said. "Come, Mildred, your interests  
 are one with mine now, help me to examine these  
 papers."

The man was growing saucy with success, but I  
 rather liked it in him, and seating myself demurely  
 by his side we commenced the examination.

The first document opened purported to be the  
 last will and testament of William Selcott, Esq.,  
 and bequeathed, in due legal form and phrase, to  
 his well-beloved nephew, Sweeney Selcott, all the  
 property of which the writer died possessed. The  
 following was the enumeration of various sums of  
 money deposited in different banking-houses in  
 the State of M—.

Sweeney (he insisted on my calling him that) ran  
 them over rapidly.

"The figures amount to thirty thousand dol-  
 lars," he said. "Not quite enough for that brown  
 stone front, Mildred, but I think we shall arrive at  
 it in time."

"No more of that, an' thou lovest me," I re-  
 plied, laughing and coloring, but I added, mis-  
 chievously, "I suppose you will not care to go to  
 California, now that you have found a fortune  
 nearer home?"

"No," he said, "my motive for going to Cali-  
 fornia was destroyed by the first discovery that I  
 made here to-day; this is the second and lesser  
 one. The old house has been very kind to me, it  
 has given me both a bride and fortune, but it gave  
 the greatest treasure first."

"You are getting unendurable," I said: "go  
 on with the reading."

The will was duly signed and witnessed.

"I shall have no difficulty in proving this in-  
 strument," observed my companion, "for I know  
 all these witnesses to be living; but what could  
 have induced my uncle to deposit it in such a  
 hiding-place? But for that timely stroke of  
 lightning, a blessing in more ways than one, the  
 package might have remained undiscovered until  
 the house crumbled in ruins, and possibly never  
 have been recovered. However, the act was of a  
 piece with his whole character, and I will not  
 question his motives, for I am certain that he  
 thought he was acting for my benefit."

A part of the other papers were certificates  
 given by the officers of the various banks in which  
 the money was deposited. Then we came to a roll  
 of manuscript labelled "The Story of William  
 Selcott."

"We will leave this unread for the present,"  
 said Sweeney. "We will not sadden our newfound  
 happiness by a tale of suffering, perhaps remorse.  
 Some day we will read it together."

We did read it together a few months later, or  
 rather I sat at my husband's knee while he read  
 the narrative aloud. I may give it to the world  
 some day, but at present it has nothing to do with  
 my story.

By the time we had finished the papers, the  
 rain had entirely ceased; the sun was shining  
 once more, and we proposed to leave the house  
 which had been to us the scene of such startling  
 events.

The sun was sinking behind the western hills  
 as we went out together, and every tree and  
 bush, and tiny blade of grass, seemed dowered  
 with a new glory and beauty. As we  
 crossed the threshold both of us turned in-  
 voluntarily, and breathed a silent blessing on the  
 Deserted House.

## THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE!"

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART III.—CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

VERY little over an hour had elapsed when Mrs.  
 Miller summoned Peyton to Colonel Swinton's  
 room. There he found him stretched at length  
 upon his bed, prostrate and helpless, with sunken  
 eyes and hollow temples, that told an unerring  
 tale of agony and remorse. Peyton was seated  
 but a moment when Swinton spoke:

"Peyton, I have much to ask pardon for. Not  
 only from my wife, but from you and from the  
 world. God, who looks into our hearts, will, I  
 think, pardon many of my faults. His hand has  
 been in the events of the past few days, not to  
 spare me but to save Isabelle from a lifelong sor-  
 row."

He stopped for a moment to recover his breath,  
 and Peyton remained silent.

"I wish to make all the revelations I have to  
 make, Peyton, to you, before anything is said to  
 Isabelle, that you may advise that which is best  
 for her. I truly believe you are her friend,  
 whether you will ever be mine time can only show.  
 Let me tell my story."

"You have, without doubt, heard much of gos-  
 sip, such gossip as floats through society, that  
 which a man never hears himself, but which he  
 has an instinctive knowledge is being whispered  
 in his very presence—of my youth. I was a wild  
 boy, Peyton, but never a wicked one, and when  
 finally I left my home and went abroad, it was to  
 seek that freedom which might have easily been  
 accorded me without doing either myself or my  
 family injury. My father was a hard man, who,  
 while attaining wealth before the world, had lost  
 his reputation in doing so, and sought to force me  
 into a rigid course, that I might not follow his  
 errors. It was from this rigidity of government  
 that I broke and wandered away, without caring  
 what became of me. I went first to Havana, after-  
 wards to Mexico, and finally, after several years,  
 brought up in the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres,  
 South America, where I was attracted by the dan-  
 gers and reckless life of a cattle hunter. Time led  
 me into looking upon what at first I had only re-  
 garded as adventure in the light of business, and

I soon found myself making money fast as a dealer  
 in the products of the hunt. This business brought  
 me into contact with many commercial houses of  
 the city, among which was that of Guerin. One  
 day at the mass I saw the daughter of Gabriel  
 Guerin, and was at once attracted. I am going to  
 speak truthfully—and I say attracted. I was too  
 young to know my own heart, and too unsettled in  
 character to control it. Marie Guerin was very  
 beautiful and very young—only fifteen—though  
 even at that age looking as old as a woman at  
 twenty in this northern climate.

"The natural result of my attraction was that  
 I should seek Marie in her home—an easy accom-  
 plished matter—as I already had gained the favor  
 of the father. Guerin was French, having come  
 to Buenos Ayres twenty years before, and married  
 a Spanish woman, and Marie, while having every  
 appearance of the last, was in manner and speech  
 only French. We had not met many times when I  
 knew that she loved me, a love that was shown  
 with all the passionate ardor of her race, and a  
 love that flattered my cold blood, though I could  
 not return it in the measure it was given. She  
 was so beautiful, and it was so pleasant to hear  
 among my associates the compliments that were  
 showered on 'La belle Guerin,' and congratula-  
 tions to him who was so favored by her.

"Still there was a mystery hung about the  
 family, though what it was I could never unravel.  
 In fact I cared little to do so, I was too much flattered  
 in the love I had gained, the first love of a  
 beautiful woman, and the first real love that had  
 ever been bestowed upon myself. How it came  
 about after many months I do not know, but one  
 day I asked Marie in marriage. I shall never cease  
 to remember the wild, passionate embraces, the  
 torrent of words, glowing almost with idolatry,  
 with which she dismissed me to her father for his  
 consent.

"I was confounded when he received my pro-  
 position almost in horror, and prayed me to forego  
 my intention and forget my love. Why? He would  
 not answer. Was I not her equal in education,  
 family, wealth, everything? Yes; but if I valued  
 her happiness and my own, fly from her, forget  
 her. At last, wearied to anger, I declared my in-  
 tention of seeking Marie without his consent, and  
 was about to leave him, when he caught my arm  
 and told the story of his opposition.

"Insanity was her heirloom! For generations  
 the females of the Navarrez family had died in  
 madhouses; her own mother, Guerin's wife, being  
 at that time an inmate of an asylum in the sub-  
 urbs of the city, though supposed by every one  
 but her husband to be dead, and Marie herself had  
 already shown unmistakable evidences of the  
 malady. It had been the great sorrow of his life;  
 he had married her mother in spite of the warning  
 that had been proffered him, and the result had  
 been that he had prayed that none would demand  
 Marie in marriage, knowing this hereditary curse;  
 but if they did, it should not be without a recount-  
 ing of all the agony he had endured for a score  
 of years from yielding to the passion of youth, and  
 linking himself to one who could only bring him  
 unhappiness. And then the old man, in as strong  
 words as he had power to utter, spoke to me of  
 all the years he had loved this woman, who had  
 been shut from him in a maniac's cell, who was  
 incapable of distinguishing kindness from brutal-  
 ity, and who did not even know the one whom she  
 had once so loved, and who now went on from  
 year to year, still loving her who was living and  
 still dead. All this I heard, and my heart sank  
 within me, but still I could not refrain from going  
 back to Marie and once more seeing her; the old  
 man's appeal was as nothing, and the very next  
 day I announced to him that I was still of the  
 mind to make her my wife, and to bear all risks on  
 what he so much feared.

"With his eyes full with tears, Gabriel Guerin  
 unwillingly gave his consent to our marriage, pro-  
 viding it was consummated in accordance with his  
 wishes. These wishes were, first, that all the cere-  
 monies should be private; and second, that I  
 should take my wife away from Buenos Ayres for  
 one or two years to travel. Both I willingly con-  
 sented to, and after a proper delay we were mar-  
 ried and left the city for Europe.

"I will not go through events. It is enough  
 to say that scarcely six months had passed when  
 I saw the first symptoms of the terror that was  
 coming upon us. I battled against it in every  
 way; we sought society, change, excitement,  
 whatever had the least air of possibility as tend-  
 ing to cure or alleviation. We went to Paris and  
 London, and then sought the highest medical  
 skill in the world, but it was without effect, and in  
 less than one year from my marriage I had upon  
 my hands a maniac-wife, who did not even recog-  
 nize her husband.

"For a long time I fought against this, and  
 would not believe it a reality, but at last the fear-  
 ful truth fastened itself upon me, and I endeav-  
 ored to do that which I conscientiously thought best,  
 which was to return to Buenos Ayres, and in quiet  
 either await the recovery, if such a thing were  
 possible, or give up my life to watch her whom I  
 had sworn to protect. Almost on the very day  
 that I was to leave London for South America  
 news came of the death of Marie's father, and of  
 mine, a coincidence that seemed strangely in-  
 tended to affect my future course, for now I must  
 return to my own country, and the inducement to  
 go to that of Marie's was lessened.

"You can understand the restless responsibility,  
 the sleepless seclusion of my task. I arrived in  
 New York, and with difficulty found means of  
 secluding my wife, without sending her to an  
 asylum. My marriage had never been announced  
 to my relatives, and now I determined it should  
 not be known, unless Marie should recover. I  
 would not present to them a maniac as my bride.  
 Everything I could do to alleviate her condition  
 was done, and in this way, for four years, I lived  
 in New York, having her always with me, without  
 ever being rewarded with even a smile of recogni-  
 tion. At the end of that time, by the death of my  
 father's mother, I became the owner of this place,

and after mature consideration I determined to  
 remove Marie to it. After several visits, and con-  
 versations with Miller, I concluded to retain her  
 here, and to entrust her with my secret. This  
 trust has since been extended to Dr. Warner, and  
 I have never yet had cause to regret my trust;  
 they have both been firm, true friends to myself,  
 and more than kind to Marie, and in everything I  
 have acted with their confidence, and I may say  
 with their advice.

"And now, Peyton, I come to another dark  
 chapter! It is ten years since I first brought  
 Marie to this house. For one-half that time I  
 scarce ever left its threshold, but gradually the  
 desire crept upon me to get out once again into  
 the world. It began with a few days' absence,  
 and as I gathered confidence in the care and  
 affection of Miller and Dr. Warner for my poor  
 Marie, the period lengthened, until it would be  
 only days here, and weeks away. As I was  
 received into society, not only as a man of wealth,  
 but as an eligible man in every way, was it any  
 wonder that the charm grew upon me? and I  
 began to think of my future in a different light  
 than ever before. For the first time I really  
 began to regard Marie as a burden, and to cherish  
 some hope that the time would come when I  
 should be free to marry again, that I might per-  
 petuate my name, and have some one to whom I  
 could leave the wealth that was accumulating on  
 my hands, from the economy and quiet of my  
 life.

"This for years was a dormant thought, until  
 that one in which I met Isabelle. God forgive  
 me for my weakness! I saw her, and smothering  
 my memory of my living, dead wife, I loved  
 Isabelle! For a while I struggled against it, and  
 then arguing sophistically that as she was dead to  
 myself so should she be dead to all the world, I  
 sought Isabelle as my wife, and was even more  
 anxious than her mercenary uncle to hasten the  
 marriage, and to hasten it so that it would have  
 little chance to be noised abroad.

"A few days before our marriage I came down  
 here, and calling Miller and Dr. Warner to me, I  
 announced to them that I was already married,  
 and told them all my reasons for so doing. Had  
 they then entered any protest against it there  
 was still time to retreat, but it was not so. At  
 first they were both shocked at the announcement,  
 but there was no word of accusation on their  
 tongues. For nearly ten years we had been  
 sincerely attached, and though no words have  
 passed between us since that day when I first an-  
 nounced my act, prematurely, still I believe that  
 they would offer stronger argument in palliation  
 of my course than I could myself.

"It was not until after my marriage with Isabelle  
 that I really knew suffering from my situation! Then  
 I had the deep remorse for the wrong I had  
 done the poor maniac, and the sorrow for that to  
 Isabelle. I dreaded to look upon the first, lest  
 some accusing should glance from her mad eyes  
 to punish my crime, even though she knew  
 nothing of it, nor yet ever could know, and I  
 dreaded to look upon the last, for fear that upon  
 some day she would know of it, and would curse  
 me for the ruin I had brought upon her.

"Now you know why I took Isabelle away  
 from this part of the country, and why I desired  
 to keep her away, and why I was filled with  
 terror and guilty remorse when she found her  
 way down here. None knew my secret but Dr.  
 Warner and Miller, and I had most perfect  
 reliance in them, but that did not better it. It  
 was the fearful anxiety of mind I had been under-  
 going for months that brought upon me this  
 sickness, and from it I could not recover.

"And now to come to that night when Isabelle  
 was attacked by Marie. How this occurred, and  
 how she got out of her apartments, has been an  
 unexplainable riddle. Miller sleeps in the room  
 adjoining Marie's, with the door open, and every  
 outlet is locked, and the keys in Miller's bed. We  
 have not, up to this time, been able to find any  
 way of her getting out, or of her getting into  
 Isabelle's room, and what is more marvellous still,  
 it is the first time she ever showed a desire to  
 do injury. Last night I was awakened by a slight  
 noise, and saw Marie walking about my room.  
 She saw me start from the bed, and fled into the  
 hall, after which you know what occurred.

"Now, Peyton, I leave myself in your hands.  
 Whatever you say shall be done, must be. If it is  
 your decision that I shall go this hour to Isabelle,  
 and on my knees confess all my faults, and tell  
 her, though I love her, I am willing to resign her  
 for ever, that she is an unwedded wife, and that  
 she may do with me as she likes, or with my prop-  
 erty, I will; but if, on the contrary, you think  
 that all this past may be buried in oblivion, and  
 that my crime shall be only known to those three  
 who already know it, who shall also know of my  
 repentance, then I can feel that I still have a  
 future."

Swinton ceased, and looked full upon Peyton,  
 who bent his head upon his hands for a few  
 minutes, in deep thought. When he raised it, it  
 was to ask Swinton:

"Can this be concealed from Isabelle?"

"With your aid," was Swinton's answer.

"How?"

"By not acknowledging the relationship of  
 Marie," said Swinton, hesitatingly.

Peyton hesitated only for a moment, and then  
 said:

"It is best."

"Thank you!" Swinton said, quietly. "It is  
 only what I expected from your good sense, and  
 your expressed friendship for Isabelle. I have  
 reliance in the devotion of Dr. Warner and Miller,  
 as well as in their interest, and if you are, as you  
 have asserted, truly Isabelle's friend and brother,  
 I shall have a reliance on you, made secure by my  
 devotion to her."

Peyton rose from his seat, and grasped Swin-  
 ton's hand, saying as he did so:

"I believe you, and shall be equally your friend.  
 And now to send away this man, the unwilling  
 cause of Marie's death."

"You can purchase his silence, though he  
 knows nothing, at such price as you please. In  
 that desk you will find money. Give him plenty!"  
 and Swinton handed Peyton a key.

A few minutes after Peyton was in Mr. Brobbett's  
 room, where that gentleman was walking about in  
 nervous anxiety, and immediately on Peyton's  
 appearance hailed him with,

"Well?"

"Mr. Brobbett, you are a man of business, and I  
 am going to talk to you in that way," said Peyton,  
 to which Mr. Brobbett nodded an assent. "And  
 to begin, let me ask you what you would consider  
 proper compensation for a case of this kind sup-  
 posing you pursued it no farther, and returned to  
 New York?"

Mr. Brobbett gave a little anxious smile, and  
 answered:

"Well, Mr. Peyton, if I was paid liberally,  
 twenty dollars would be a rayther good thing."

"And how much more, Mr. Brobbett, would you  
 expect to entirely forget the occurrences of the  
 past few hours, the moment you left the  
 boundaries of this place?"

Mr. Brobbett smiled more easily, and answered  
 "Those are things generally left to gentlemen  
 themselves. You're a lawyer, Mr. Peyton, and  
 you know all about it!"

"Then, Mr. Brobbett, I shall give you another  
 twenty for that!"

"Thank you! Thank you!" responded Mr.  
 Brobbett, breaking into a smile all over.

"And now, Mr. Brobbett, a final question.  
 How much more will you want to leave here with-  
 out any explanation of the odd affair of last night,  
 and to feel that it never will be explained? Or  
 perhaps you will leave that also to me?"

Mr. Brobbett nodded a delighted assent, and  
 Peyton went on:

"Then, Mr. Brobbett, allow me to hand you  
 one hundred dollars, and please receive my  
 thanks. If ever anything occurs in your line  
 again, I shall always remember you, and have  
 perfect confidence in your judgment and secrecy.  
 When would you like to leave?"

Mr. Brobbett was one blaze of smiles, and a  
 quarto volume of thanks, and declared that he  
 would leave immediately, in fact that he would  
 not wait until the carriage was ordered, but would  
 walk to the depot, and so Mr. Brobbett went  
 away.

A few minutes later Isabelle stood by her hus-  
 band's bedside. The work of the night had made  
 its mark upon his face, and if it were but for pity  
 Isabelle could not have resisted the hand he held  
 forth, nor prevented him pressing here to his lips  
 before he began to speak.

"Isabelle, I have much to ask your forgiveness  
 for; firstly, for apparent neglect, which, though  
 not neglect, worked to the same end. It is over,  
 and for the long future you will have no complaint  
 to make of my want of devotion. Another of my  
 faults is that of having a secret from you. For  
 ten years this house has been the asylum of a  
 maniac, a relative, Isabelle, whom I have sought  
 to hide from the world. A speechless and, up to  
 within a few days, a harmless maniac. For her  
 sake, for my family's sake, and for my own and  
 yours, Isabelle, I have sought to hide this exis-  
 tence, and yet not let her suffer in any way.  
 It was anxiety for this end that led me here,  
 where I was taken ill, and it was my desire that  
 you should not become acquainted with this  
 family secret that made me wish to send you  
 away. I have explained all this to Peyton, and  
 also that the attack upon you is a mystery to us  
 all, that we cannot in any way see how she could  
 escape from her rooms. The secret of her exis-  
 tence was buried with Dr. Warner, Miller and  
 myself; and the secret of her death will remain  
 with the same, and with you, and Peyton. Isabelle,  
 will you forgive me for my deception, and allow  
 me by a life of love and protection to compensate  
 for the past?" and Swinton drew the yielding  
 woman into his arms, and kissed her earnestly.

"Ah, George, how can I resist anything you  
 ask from my love! Only speak to me as you do  
 now, and I will be ever obedient. You are my  
 husband. I love you, only suffer me to be with  
 you, and be kind, and I ask no other happiness.  
 For the future have no secrets, no matter what  
 they may be; let me but share them with you, and  
 you shall never have cause to repent it. And to  
 show you that I do forgive truly, you shall never  
 hear me speak of this one which has cast such a  
 shadow between us," and Isabelle twined her  
 arms about his neck, and returned warmly his  
 kiss.

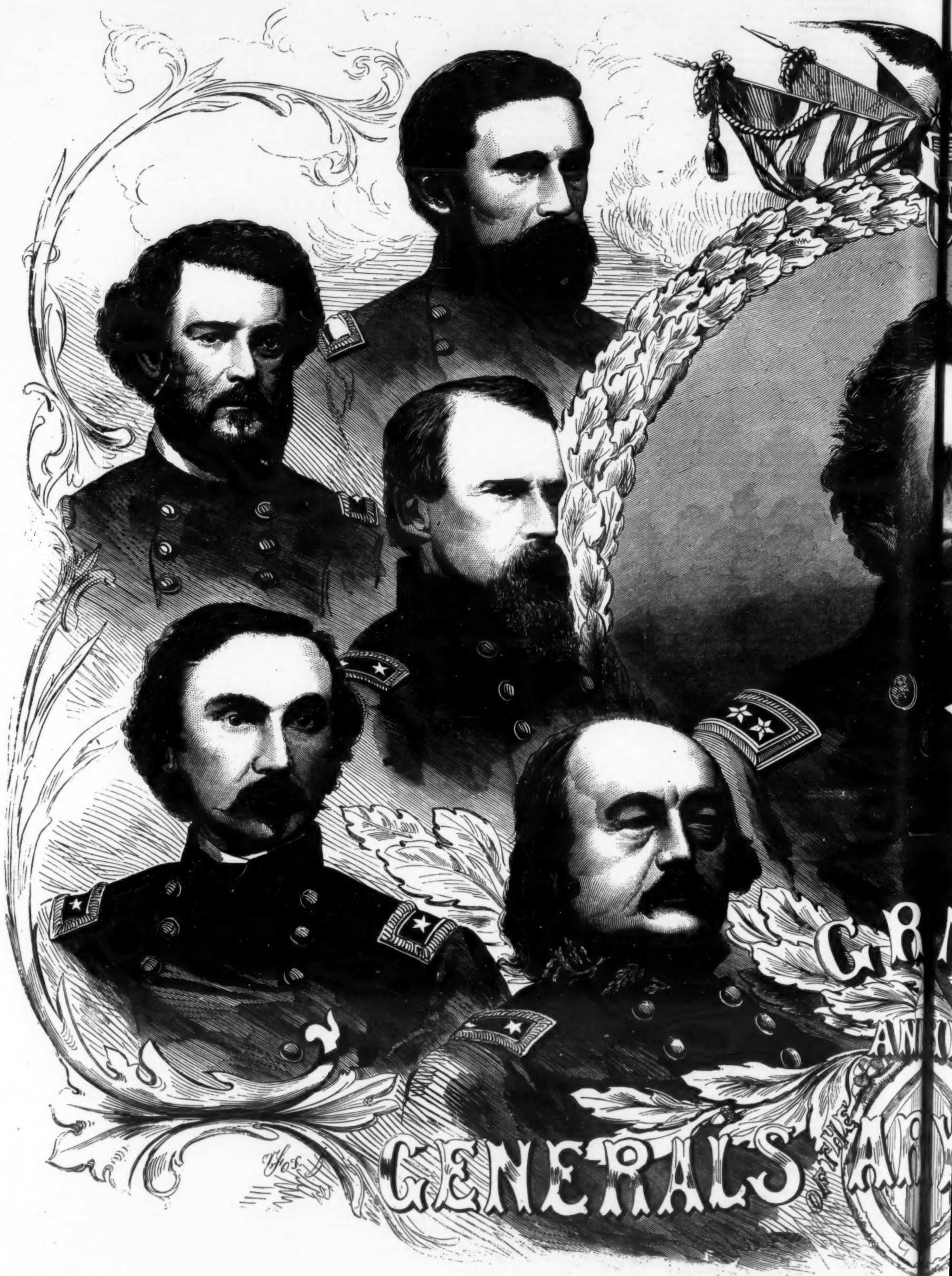
The next day the body of Marie was borne to  
 the ancient burial-place of the Swinton family, a  
 few rods only from the house, no strangers being  
 present but the undertaker and clergyman, and  
 laid to rest beneath the frozen sod, there to  
 lie in body until the hour of eternal life, while the  
 secret of her life and death was equally buried in  
 the hearts of those who stood about her grave.

Years have passed since then, and the end has  
 justified the means in the keeping of this secret  
 from Isabelle, who lives a beloved wife, a revered  
 mother and a happy woman.

THE END.

A WELL-PRESERVED NATIVE.—The *Daily*  
*Union*, published at Virginia, Nevada Territory, says  
 that the remains of an Indian were lately found in the  
 immense salt field near Sand Springs, about 80 miles  
 from that city, completely embedded in rock salt, four  
 feet below the surface. The body was in a state of com-  
 plete preservation, and from appearances had lain in  
 the same position for many years, or perhaps for ages.  
 The flesh was perfectly dry like that of a mummy, and  
 it was evident that it had been perfectly saturated with  
 brine, which prevented its decay. The Indian was  
 about the usual size, and resembled the Piutes  
 that now inhabit the same locality. Part of a bear-  
 skin and a rude bow were found near by, and at a  
 distance of a few yards a pair of elk-horns of enormous  
 size were disinterred. The supposition is that this  
 entire salt bed was once a lake, and that the animal that  
 had been wounded had taken refuge in the water,  
 whither he was followed by the Indian, who sank in the  
 mud at the bottom, and was unable to extricate himself  
 and thus perished.



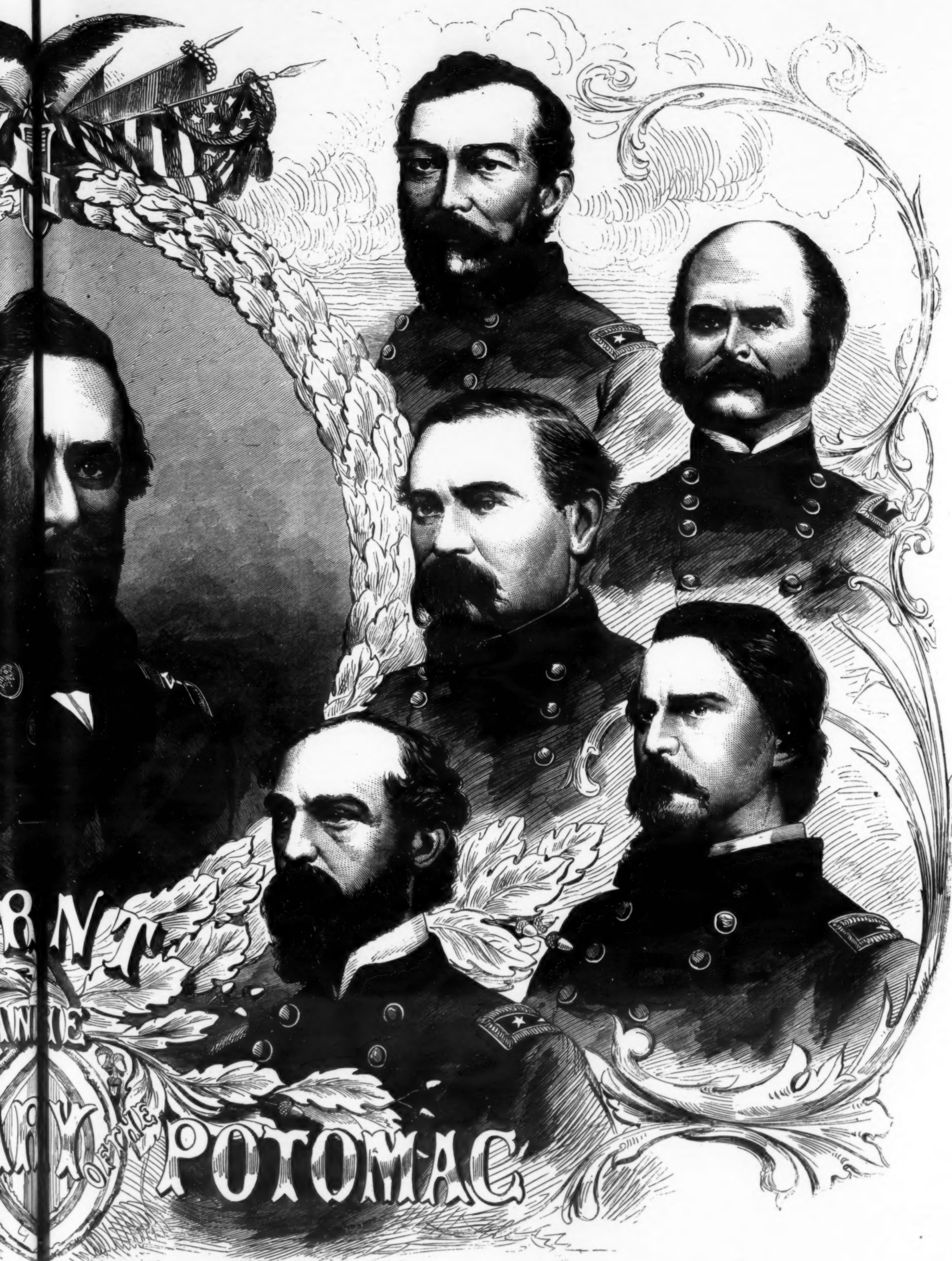


WRIGHT.  
WARREN.

RAWLINS.  
BIRNEY.

BUTLER.





MEADE.

SHERIDAN.  
SMITH.

BURNSIDE.  
HANCOCK.



## AN ODE TO MEMORY.

BY HENRY NEELE.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—Job.

AND where is he? not by her side  
Whose every want he loved to tend;  
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,  
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;  
That form beloved he marks not more,  
Those scenes admired no more shall see;  
The scenes are lovely as before,  
And she as fair—but where is he?

Ah, no! the radiance is not dim  
That used to gild his favorite hill;  
The pleasures that were dear to him  
Are dear to life and nature still;  
But, ah! his home is not as far—  
Neglected must his garden be;  
The lilies droop and wither there,  
And seem to whisper, "Where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall;  
But where is now the proud display?  
His riches, honors, pleasures, all  
Desire could frame; but where are they?  
And he, as some tall rock that stands  
Protected by the circling sea,  
Surrounded by admiring bands,  
Seemed proudly strong—oh! where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,  
The fireside shows a vacant chair.  
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,  
And death displays his banner there;  
The life is gone, the breath has fled,  
And what has been no more shall be;  
The well-known form, the welcome tread,  
Oh! where are they, and where is he!

## NINA MARSH;

OR,

## THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

## CHAPTER I.—NINA MARSH.

BEECHWOOD MANOR was one of those fine old places that carry romance with them. The building was rambling and somewhat disconnected, showing easily the additions of successive centuries, but commodious within. The prevailing style of architecture was Elizabethan; but one of the wings which had been added by the grandfather of the present proprietor had obviously been designed by a man with more invention than science, since it bore about as much resemblance to the parent structure as a mongrel-bred puppy to its high-caste mother—the slight similitude between them being all the more provoking, perhaps, from suggesting the model without fulfilling the conditions. Nevertheless, Beechwood Manor, standing amongst its grand old trees, in an extensive park well filled with deer and cattle, was, as we have said, a fine old place, and amply deserving of the admiration in which it was generally held.

John Clumber Marsh, Esq., the present owner of the house and large estate adjoining, was one of the old generation of country squires. He loved his home above all places in the world, quitting it with reluctance, and returning to it with delight. He was an honest-hearted man—the old squire; shrewd about money matters, but strictly just. He was not, perhaps, what may be called religious, his system of faith being more of habit than principle; but he was strictly moral in his life and dealings. His word was as good as his bond; and though he exacted the uttermost farthing due to him for corn or cattle, it was with a manly determination to be treated as he would treat others, and a conviction that he was giving a fair equivalent in return.

No one could deny that he was conscientious to a degree, and a man who followed duty only, even where it appeared natural that he should listen to his heart. He was considered hard and stern by some on this account; but it may be noted that those who quarrelled with Mr. Marsh were people of whom the world in general were not much inclined to make friends. Certainly it may be said that he was not sympathetic—that he had little pity for sinners, let their temptations have been what they might; still, he was a good husband, an excellent father, a just landlord and a sincere friend; and if there was something wanting to this fair category of virtues, it was a want all were not fitted to discern, and which some few might have considered superfluous where there was already so much to provoke admiration and esteem.

Mrs. Marsh, his wife, was one of those gentle, patient, self-sacrificing women who merge their very individuality in that of their husband, and are perfectly satisfied to shine by reflection only.

These tranquil dispositions are not the most beautiful, but they are the most convenient. Mrs. Marsh at fifty looked barely thirty-five. You could trace no gray hair amongst her fair, ample curls, and her cheek was pure and unwrinkled.

When you live through others, allowing them to suffer for you, and only taking a meek share of their burdens, it is wonderful how you keep your complexion and your temper. You sip slowly and tranquilly at the cup of life, never drinking deep enough to reach the bitter dregs. Your beverage is somewhat frothy and flavorless—true; but then your head is always clear, your hand steady, and what wit you have is ready at command—all gifts of great price in this age of glib pens and prompt tongues.

Mrs. Marsh had the credit of being rather a wise person, simply because she knew how to keep silence with good grace; and if there is a certain egotism about such characters generally, it is an egotism which is absolutely forced upon them when they, like Mrs. Marsh, have husbands who admit no share in their authority, and ward off rebellion by teaching their wives that the indulgence of self is the highest aspiration they can

have. Mr. Marsh was an amiable and conscientious despot, but still he was a despot; and Mrs. Marsh, like those who live under a government as wise as absolute, forgot to calculate his power, and was, moreover, perfectly persuaded that his rule was as moderate as it was just.

Madeleine, the eldest daughter, was a large, sleepy-eyed, apathetic woman, in whose character there was no one salient point one might hope to grasp. She had, occasionally, a bright idea—in fancy work, and had embroidered a screen from her own design, but otherwise might have been thought a fool, had she not inherited her mother's most blessed gift of silence.

Katie, the youngest daughter, a beautiful child of ten, made up the present party.

Mr. Marsh had just returned from the seaside, whither he had been accompanied by his family excepting one daughter, who, meanwhile, had been paying a long-promised visit to a friend in the North. They had arrived at the station, which was some little distance from the house, and Mr. Marsh was now driving his family home, Mrs. Marsh being seated at his side in front of the phaeton, and his two daughters behind, whilst the coachman, with a groom and a lady's-maid, all in a sort of luggage-van, were to be seen just passing through the lodge gates.

It was one of Mr. Marsh's peculiarities that he would never allow any one to take the reins but himself, having a most characteristic dislike to being driven. Fortunately he was an excellent whip, and it was pleasant to notice the calm ease with which he managed the impetuous horses, keeping them to a smooth, unbroken trot all the way up the avenue, guiding them steadily round an abrupt corner, and finally bringing them to a sudden halt within an inch of the steps leading up to the house door.

Simmons, the butler, had heard the sound of wheels, and was already prepared to welcome his master and mistress home again. Mr. Marsh alighted and carefully helped down his wife and daughters, then they all entered the house.

"Is Miss Nina here?" inquired Mr. Marsh, more by way of saying something encouraging to the attentive butler than from any doubt he allowed himself to entertain on the point.

"Yes, sir."

"What time did she arrive?"

"At a quarter to seven, sir."

Mr. Marsh turned and examined the clock. It was just one minute past the hour, and the hall was already illuminated by a large lamp overhead. Then he took out his watch, and looked curiously from that to the clock.

"You are half an hour behind London time; let that be attended to," was his first remark. Then he added, quickly, "A quarter to seven, did you say? You have made a mistake, Simmons; Miss Nina was to come by the five o'clock train."

"Yes, sir; but she missed that one, and came on by the next."

Mr. Marsh looked as though he did not realize the possibility of people missing a thing; they wished to reach, whilst Mrs. Marsh, who was growing somewhat anxious, ventured to inquire how Miss Nina got home.

"She walked, ma'am," returned the ever-respectful Simmons, speaking with a reluctance it was impossible to hide.

"What! Miss Nina was allowed to walk, when there were horses and carriages here doing nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh, sternly. "Pray let me know how this occurred."

"The under-groom drove the pony-carriage to Blankford for Miss Nina, sir; but as she did not keep her time, and the next train came in so late, he thought it was no use stopping."

Mr. Marsh frowned, but said no more, and then he led the way upstairs, his wife and daughters following in his wake.

On the landing they were met by the housekeeper, a tall, dignified-looking person of about forty, who, both in appearance and manners, might have done credit to a far higher station. She removed Mrs. Marsh's wrappers, respectfully inquiring after her health.

Mrs. Marsh answered that she was all the better for her trip, but that the evening had come over so suddenly dark and chilly that she feared—nay, was quite sure—that she must have caught cold.

"Oh, mama! How could you think it dark and chilly?" exclaimed Katie, enthusiastically. "I never was out in a more delicious evening in all my life."

Mr. Marsh had entered the drawing-room by this time, or perhaps Katie might not have ventured to express her ideas so freely, her father having an inalienable conviction that it was morally wrong for a young person to acknowledge to an opinion of her own under any conditions or circumstances.

"And Nina, Mrs. Trent, where's Nina?" added Katie in her bright, impetuous way. "I want to see her so badly; why didn't she come down?"

"Miss Nina is lying on the bed in her own room, miss. She felt tired after her walk, and asked for a cup of strong tea, saying she should rest quietly until you all came home. I will call her, miss, if you like."

"No; I'll go myself, thank you."

"And Katie, my dear," said Mrs. Marsh, "tell Nina her papa won't be pleased unless she comes down."

Katie found her sister's door locked against her, the first time in her life. Nina's voice was low and sad when it came in answer to those eager childish greetings. She was evidently suffering as well as fatigued.

"My darling," she murmured in a smothered tone, as if her face were pressed in deep against the pillows, "I am longing to see you all—dear mama, and you, Katie, especially; but I am so tired, so ill, I cannot rise just yet. But I shall be better, perhaps, in a minute or two, and then I'll come. Tell papa so, dear, won't you?"

"And you will try not to be very long, Nina?" said Katie, plaintively, for she almost worshipped

her second sister, and was standing there amongst the shadows tearful with her longing after the tender kiss and loving touch she had not felt for months.

"I will try. But stop—I must come now whilst I can. It is better, perhaps."

A low, smothered, "Oh, my God, have pity!" and then the door opened and Nina Marsh stood on the threshold.

She had not been lying down, it seemed, for her hair was carefully braided so as to form a high coronet above her pure, pale brows. She held a lamp in one hand, and the other she extended so as to pull her young sister close to her breast.

"Oh, Nina, I have missed you so!" and then the fresh, sweet lips were pressed over and over again on the white, quivering mouth of her sister.

"Come, Katie," said Nina, presently, "you must let me go to papa now."

"You oughtn't to be made to go to anybody, Nina, darling, so ill as you look."

"Hush, Katie, I am not ill, only tired. Don't tell people about it; it would only make me worse, and I am so weary now—almost weary enough to die."

"Oh, Nina!" and the child held against her with a tighter strain.

"But it won't be, darling—I can't expect that. I wish I could. If it were not for leaving mama and you, I could be so glad to feel ill—for I am ill, Katie, and I told you a falsehood when I declared that I was not. But it doesn't matter what I say or do now—nothing can make me worse than I am already. Listen here, child. If you knew me well—you who love me and think me all that is good and beautiful, you would shrink from me with loathing."

"Oh, Nina, don't speak so; you frighten me."

"How did I speak?" said her sister, giving a scared look about, and then putting her hand confusedly to her head. "What did I tell you, Katie?"

"You told me that I should loathe you, Nina, if I knew all."

"All what, Katie? I am raving, I think. There is nothing to know—nothing to tell. Come to papa, child."

Nina almost dragged her little sister with her through the passages and into the drawing-room. With the lamp still in her hand she passed up to her father's side, all the majesty of her beauty—that grand, large, imposing beauty—displayed before him as she bent her head to receive his kiss on her brow. Mr. Marsh was not over pleased that Nina had not come before, and would not condescend to ask any questions as to her visit, etc., but just embraced her coldly, and let her go. Then Nina sat down, simply because she could not stand.

Whereas Madeleine and Katie took after their mother in face, Nina, who was incomparably the most beautiful of the three, bore a strong resemblance to her father—by no means a handsome man. She had the same deep gray eyes, only in her they were so lovely, thickly fringed by their long black lashes, that you turned from their glance firmly believing that you would never tolerate black or blue eyes again. Darkening with anger, softening with tenderness, paling with languor, fathomless in thought, but through all their changes eyes to win with a smile, and vanquish by a tear, is it to be wondered that Nina, even in her childish days, had grasped a sceptre before which the strongest were fain to kneel? Her nose was a delicate aquiline, and in her mouth and chin, with their steady, determined make, you recognised at once the daughter of Mr. Marsh, and pictured to yourself that she must share his strong will, as also his love of power. But never yet have gods or men seen sweeter lips than those of Nina Marsh. The firm downward curve at the corners was almost smothered in dimples, withholding its revelation of hidden strength from all but the most discerning. To those therefore who were either too obtuse or too blinded by admiration to be good judges that crimson mouth seemed only formed for smiles and kisses, and gave to the grandeur of Nina's beauty its gleam of softness and enchanting grace.

Finding that her father did not talk, Nina had taken up a book, and was pretending to read. But you could see that her eyes wandered into vacancy instead of fixing themselves on the page, and every moment came that weary, unconscious motion of her fingers to her head.

At last Mrs. Marsh came in. "She had made every possible arrangement for her own comfort first, not because she really valued this beyond a sight of her daughter's face, but simply from habit. She quickened her pace and her eyes brightened when she caught sight of Nina, who made no motion to rise and welcome her, only sat silent in her chair, cowering down as if Mrs. Marsh were coming to strike and not to embrace her."

"Nina, my love," exclaimed Mrs. Marsh, and she wound her soft, loving arms round that rigid, majestic figure.

"Mother, there's nothing to know—nothing to tell—don't let Katie—"

And then the sharp, ringing voice stopped abruptly, and Nina fell senseless at her mother's feet.

Mrs. Marsh gave a helpless glance at her husband, as if to inquire what had better be done, but he was already at her side, his plan of action thoroughly matured, and ready to be put into immediate practice.

"Call Mrs. Trent," said he, calmly, but quickly. "And, Sophia, my dear, you would be better in your own room for the present."

It did not seem hard to Mrs. Marsh to be banished from her daughter's side at such a time. She knew that her husband meant to save her, and she was too much under his authority, too accustomed to think all he did must be right, to understand that she ought not to be saved. Mr. Marsh might have known that she was not fitted for the post he was about to delegate to Mrs. Trent, but at any rate he should have allowed her to try—break down, rest, and begin again—anything rather than stifle in the bud that first ma-

ternal instinct which prompted her to exert all her energy to preserve the life she had bestowed.

She did hesitate one moment on the threshold, looking wistfully back at her daughter's motionless figure; but Mr. Marsh's quiet "Now, my dear, if you please," seemed to fix her wavering resolution, and she disappeared.

In another minute Mrs. Trent was standing by her master's side.

"Now, Mrs. Trent, look here," said Mr. Marsh. "Miss Nina has, I believe, an attack of brain fever, and must, therefore, have medical aid without a second's unnecessary delay. I shall carry her into her own room, and lay her on the bed, and you must undress her. Meanwhile, I shall go myself for a doctor. And now take the lamp, if you please, and lead the way."

Mrs. Trent was quite equal to the emergency. She showed herself perfectly cool and collected, and inspired you with instinctive confidence in her strength and efficiency. Mr. Marsh had no need to add another word. Mrs. Trent understood at once all that was expected of her, and was prepared to perform it to the best of her ability.

Her character was not unlike her master's, only in her this latent power and strength of will had become suddenly developed by adversity, whereas in Mr. Marsh it had been in steady demonstration through life, being a principle in one and a habit in the other.

Nina was already undressed, and was tossing and moaning in her bed, when the hoofs of Mr. Marsh's horse were heard striking the gravel in a sharp gallop. Then Mrs. Trent locked the door, and proceeded decidedly, but regretfully, to shear the hot, burning head of its ample tresses, binding it round with a cool, moist bandage in lieu of its rich coronet of shining braids. This she renewed every five minutes, unheeding the plaintive voice of poor little Katie, who was sobbing in the corridor as if her heart would break.

The child knew how hopeless it was to appeal for admittance, and the mystery of her beloved sister's illness made her grief all the more intense. She slunk away to her own room when she heard her father returning, and yet, constant in her enthusiastic love, she would neither eat nor sleep that night, but sat on the floor just within her own little bedchamber, the door ajar, listening in eager terror to every sound from the sick room, her tears falling afresh every time that Nina's voice pierced the stillness of the house with its sharp cries or moans.

Dr. Oundle, on his arrival, expressed full approbation of Mrs. Trent's thoughtful arrangements, and congratulated Mr. Marsh upon his good fortune in having any one so efficient and trustworthy about him at such a crisis. He acknowledged that he could see but faint hopes of life for Nina. Still, she was young, her constitution was naturally vigorous, and under these circumstances there was always a chance; at the same time he felt it right to warn her family not to be too sanguine where there was, unfortunately, so little to hope and so much to fear.

These words had been addressed to Mr. Marsh in Mrs. Trent's presence, but when they were concluded Dr. Oundle drew the former aside, and inquired if Miss Marsh had had any mental shock of late to account for this attack.

"Oh, dear me, no, nothing of the kind!" answered Mr. Marsh, very decidedly.

"I am inclined to believe, sir, that you will find yourself mistaken," continued Dr. Oundle, with equal confidence; "and if you will take my advice, you will close the sick room determinedly against every one of the servants, excepting, of course, Mrs. Trent, whom I should believe to be perfectly trustworthy and discreet. The ravings of delirium are full of distorted fancies and strange beliefs, and the vulgar and ignorant are so easily impressed with the truth of anything that gratifies their taste for gossip and their love of the horrible. It would be hard if Miss Marsh, after struggling so painfully into life, should have that life poisoned by calumny or misrepresentation, and no effort could be too great to prevent such a catastrophe."

Dr. Oundle was a kind-hearted man, and he spoke now with significance which Mr. Marsh felt almost inclined to resent. He repeated his assertion that his daughter had had nothing to disturb her; and Dr. Oundle, whilst shaking his head a little dubiously, begged that, in any case, his hint might receive due attention.

"I had already settled that it should be as you propose," replied Mr. Marsh, "Mrs. Trent being the only person I could at all trust about my daughter at such a time. I can safely answer that no one will relieve her watch, unless it be myself."

Dr. Oundle looked almost compassionately into the calm, stern face of Mr. Marsh, then said gently:

"Better leave it to Mrs. Trent; we men are awkward nurses at the best."

Then he took up his hat, and refusing Mr. Marsh's offer for refreshments, left the sick-room and the house, promising to call again in the course of two or three hours, when he had seen a patient elsewhere who was needing his services quite as much as his patient here.

But why describe that long, sharp wrestle with death—that victory which left weakness behind, that for awhile it seemed almost a defeat? Nina was, at last, allowed to see her family again, and poor little Katie, pale and red, was the first to creep in. Mrs. Marsh stayed to compose herself in the passage, for she, too, felt strangely near crying—nearer than she could remember to have ever been in all her life before.

Madeleine was just learning a difficult stitch in crochet, and was so excited with her success that she bore the interview remarkably well. Nina seemed oppressed rather than cheered by these visitors, and when they were going she sighed, and beckoned back Katie, who was lingering on the threshold, and bade her sit down by her side. Mrs. Trent had not the heart to object, and was glad that she had not done so when she found Nina sleeping quietly with the cool fingers of her sister pressed with both of her hot, eager palms.



## CHAPTER II.—FRIENDS OR FOES?

From that day Nina progressed far more rapidly towards recovery. She was now able to quit her room for several hours every day. She seldom saw her father on these occasions. His nephew, Cyril Marsh, captain in the — Hussars, and next heir to the Beechwood estate, was now staying with him, and the two gentlemen were making laudable efforts to thin the preserves. Nina seemed to feel something approaching to relief at her father's absence. As a stern shadow he had darkened her delirium, standing above her, like some fierce Virginian, with the slaughtering knife in his hand; and she could not rid her mind of these impressions sufficiently to look forward without shuddering to being again under the unceasing scrutiny of his keen eye.

But one morning Mr. Marsh sent a message from the breakfast-table that he hoped Nina would spare herself as much as possible during the day, in order that she might be able to join them all in the drawing-room for a little while after dinner. Now, Mr. Marsh's requests, however gently worded, were understood as, and meant for, commands; and, therefore, his daughter had no alternative but to obey.

But even at the last she could scarcely gather up her courage for the effort. She kept lingering in her own room long after she had heard Mr. Marsh and his guest leaving the dining-room. Her cousin was an utter stranger to her. Some misunderstanding between Mr. Marsh and his brother had prevented any intimacy during the lifetime of the latter; and for the last ten years Capt. Marsh had been in India with his regiment, having only just returned to England. And as yet Nina was still weak enough to feel meeting with strangers a serious grief.

Presently Katie came bounding along the passages, sent by Mr. Marsh to request that Nina would join them at once. Nina rose, drew her shawl closer about her, and, with a hard, defiant look about the lips which brought out the lines and stifled the dimples, she marched in amongst them all.

Capt. Marsh was leaning against the mantelpiece, talking to her father, when she entered. He kept his eyes steadily upon her as she advanced, and even amidst his admiration you could catch an expression of perplexity and discontent, as if he discerned something in her which he could neither understand nor approve.

Nina met that calm, scrutinizing glance; and, though she returned it by a haughty toss of the head, it was plain to see that she did not relish her cousin's neighborhood, and had some reason to fear his penetration. And yet there was a feeling in the heart of each—or rather, perhaps, an instinct—that it would be impossible for them to be indifferent to each other; that they must be either warm friends or bitter enemies.

Captain Marsh was by no means a handsome man, and yet his face somehow caught your attention at once, and attracted you, in spite of yourself. His frame was almost herculean in proportion, but well knit together, broad and muscular, without being obese. His face resembled somewhat that of an intelligent mastiff. The eyes were deep set; the nose long, and thickening slightly at the nostrils; the cheeks bronzed with the Indian suns; whilst the whole of the lower part of the face was concealed in hair, Captain Marsh patronising no barber. But his beard, moustache and whiskers were all of silky blonde, and became him well; only beneath this wealth of hair you could just manage to trace the outline of a firm, well-shaped underlip, a somewhat obstinate-looking chin, and you guessed therefrom that Captain Marsh had a pretty strong will, and knew how to hold his own. But the first impression he gave you was of strength, not only physical but mental. The mere child might have seen that it might rely on him, and trust itself to his care; and though Captain Marsh, unfortunately, like his uncle, was by no means a religious man, the best Christian could hardly have been more outwardly moral in his life and dealings, more fit to be trusted in honor by the weakest of women, or more thoroughly to be relied on for keeping his great passions under due guard and discipline.

Although Captain Marsh was a favorite with the rest of his relations, he seemed to make but scanty progress in the good graces of Nina. They rarely spoke together, though Nina was now more in the drawing-room, and, consequently, in his company.

Captain Marsh was trying to guard himself against the fascination of her beauty and weak, now combined—able allies in the subjugation of strong, brave men. He was pleased to believe that he had been successful, and rather dared defeat in his anxiety to show his victory. He was always perfectly civil to Nina, even attentive at times; but the genial frankness of his manner to the others seemed frozen into a calculating courtesy directly he neared her side. He was determined not to be conquered by one whom he could not trust.

Nina's eyes were very beautiful, but they had no honest glances. They shrank before her father's scrutiny, and were downcast under his regard. On Mrs. Marsh and Katie they were raised freely, but self-reproachfully; but on the poor they never looked at all. Besides this, Nina, always melancholy, was often irritable and difficult to please; the carriage of her majestic head sometimes defiant, at others humble. And so, taking all these things into consideration, Cyril Marsh came to the conclusion that it would not do for him to fall in love with his beautiful cousin.

But then a man who has made this resolution is in far more danger than one who has never thought about it at all. You cannot play with fire without burning your fingers. You may fancy that you are a safe distance from the sparks, and plume yourself greatly on your prudence and foresight in having gained your pleasure without risk; but presently you begin to feel a strange, intense warmth creeping over you, and one quick glance

suffices to show that the fire has been smouldering a long time, and that it is now too late to extinguish the flame.

At first Captain Marsh made a study of Nina, and pursued his investigations with equal coolness and vigor. But the time came when he lost the power of controlling his own thoughts, and they went from necessity rather than pleasure to that quiet, steady figure on the sofa, with its bent head, sorrowful lips and eyes of shadow.

Perhaps Nina, if less brilliant, was more touchingly beautiful now than she had ever been. Her hair, which had been cut close to her head, curled in small, crisp rings, making her loveliness so childlike; and she would only dress herself in such sombre colors—black being her favorite wear. Captain Marsh wished she would smile sometimes. He longed to see those firm, grave lips sweetened and rendered gracefully mobile or petulantly bright by some new play of feeling.

From longing, Captain Marsh, who was rapidly forgetting his good resolutions, came to trying if he could not compass his wishes by some happy expedient. So one night he left the group at the centre table, and followed Nina to her distant sofa. He stooped down, and spoke low.

"I have been waiting anxiously for you to discover that we must be either friends or foes."

Nina flushed a deep, angry red. She knew this well, but she did not care to have her belief put into words, or hear it corroborated by those lips. Her eyes gave him a sudden deep flash of declared hostility.

"Which is it to be, Miss Nina?"

He spoke lower than ever now, and his voice was almost eager—almost impassioned.

"Neither one nor the other. Let us be mere acquaintances alone."

"Unfortunately, that is impossible now."

"I don't see why."

"We are too much alike. When such as we meet, it is either to take each other by the hand in loving amity, or to scratch and fight like cat and dog. But I am inclined to think that we should be better as friends," he significantly concluded.

"If I were to make friends I should not keep them," answered Nina, with a passionate self-reproach which seemed to be irrefragable. "You may desire to be brought nearer to me on account of your regard for the others; but I am like none of them, and not half so worthy of any affectionate consoling with you as even Madeleine, wrapped up as she is in fancy-work to the exclusion of duty and good feeling. As far as I am concerned, a friend might be pleasant, but it would certainly be dangerous at the same time; and for your sake, I certainly ought to warn you—"

"That you might also be dangerous to me as well as pleasant?"

"I cannot tell," replied Nina, simply and sorrowfully; "but it is right of me to guard against the mere possibility."

"But you certainly owe me a reason as well as a warning. Without that you had better not have spoken at all, since one without the other is worse than useless."

"You may take what you like, and do what you like, now that I have spoken and eased my conscience," said Nina irritably; and she turned to her book again, and accorded him no further notice.

Captain Marsh half rose, looking perplexed and not over-pleased. Nina's lips were hard set, and her eyes were flashing. Cyril caught the gleam of a sidelong glance interrogating him angrily as to why he stayed, and he sat down again determinedly, his will as obstinate as her own.

"Now I have received your warning, listen to mine. You have some secret that you wish to guard from all the world, but especially from your father and me."

Nina shuddered convulsively.

"This secret caused your illness, and was, no doubt, betrayed during your delirium," continued Captain Marsh, his intellect developing itself under the stimulus of this contest into a keenness that was almost pitiless. "But this is nothing to me. I mean to find out this secret, since you dare me to the discovery by your want of candor. But I shall adopt no means that are not perfectly fair and straightforward. I told you that we must be either friends or foes, and you chose the latter alternative, and are, therefore, no doubt, fully prepared to take the consequences."

Nina turned the way then; his eyes were dim, but her lips did not look much like asking quarter. There are some women with whom pride is the first instinct, and comes before self-preservation; and Nina was one of these. She knew Captain Marsh was pitiless under her disdain, but that a word might have softened him, and yet she would not speak that word. She bowed to him haughtily.

"Allow me to salute you in your new character as the persecutor of woman. Is that a military accomplishment, pray?"

"It would be quite as apposite if I were to inquire if deceit were a feminine attribute."

"And if I were to answer that it was, what would you gain by the acknowledgment?"

"An insight into character, and a safeguard against many subsequent dangers and temptations."

"But I won't acknowledge it. Circumstances may force a certain course of action on people against their every instinct, but it is not right to attribute to choice that which may be the result of a most miserable necessity."

"But this necessity is easily explained."

And, in spite of himself, his voice was low and eager again, seeming to plead that she would allow him to respect her with an earnestness that almost proclaimed his love.

"That might be impossible."

"Then you refuse to come to terms, Miss Marsh?"

"I do not see what right you have to dictate any to me."

"The right that every man has who finds his affection going where his trust cannot follow," answered Cyril under his breath.

A flush passed across Nina's face, but it was gone almost before he could know it had been there. She was very pale when she next spoke.

"Why can't you be satisfied with the medium regard offered just now?"

"Because I am a true Marsh, like yourself, and cannot accept this milk-and-water friendship any more than you can in reality give it. Now look at me well, cousin Nina, before you decide against your own interests. I am strong and capable, and not like a man who, though well-intentioned, would be likely to injure, through weakness and incapacity, just where he would most wish to serve. I should be a discreet as well as a powerful ally."

A long, weary sigh, as with one who is giving up everything that can make life pleasant, and bidding adieu to hope, and then Nina answered, calmly enough:

"Thank you all the same; but I require no ally."

"Very well; then you know the consequences. When I find myself in danger of a serious wound, I am justified in seeking preventives by every effort in my power—cure being impossible to one of my disposition when once the blow is given."

And Captain Marsh rose again and moved a few paces from her side, but slowly and hesitatingly, as if hoping for and almost expecting a recall.

At this moment Mr. Marsh put down the paper which he had been reading, and called out from the centre table:

"Cyril, when did you say Colonel St. George was coming?"

"Colonel Who? What did papa say?" exclaimed Nina, turning round on her cousin and stretching out her hand to detain him.

It was evident that her emotion completely mastered her for once. Her lips were apart, her eyes distended, her face bloodless.

"Colonel St. George," answered Cyril, softly, and he placed himself before her in order to conceal her agitation from the others, whilst he replied to his uncle's question:

"At the end of the week, I believe. I have understood, though, what day, for he had an engagement at Lord Gillingham's, and could not be quite sure when he would get away."

He ventured to cast a glance at Nina as he finished speaking, to see if she had recovered herself. Mr. Marsh had returned to his paper, and the other two were busily occupied in different ways. Captain Marsh stooped over the couch on which his cousin reclined, and demanded, in a fierce whisper, what Colonel St. George was to her.

"Nothing," she faintly murmured.

"You are telling me a falsehood," he continued, sternly, "a direct, obvious falsehood."

"I am so weak, so very weak," she answered, in complete desperation. "You were kind to me just now; you stood before me that they might not see. Don't be cruel again. I have sat up a long time to-night, and have been talking more than usual. I had better go to bed. No; don't tell them so—let me slip away."

She was very humble now, and she was using all her power, too, smiling on him with her beautiful eyes, beseeching him with her sweet lips, even calling him by name in the urgency of her need that he should stand by her as a friend at that hour.

"You see, cousin Cyril, I am not quite strong yet. It was so kind of you to do what you did just now; only be kinder still, and help me to get away without being seen. You will, won't you, Cyril?"

"Look here, Nina; one of us two must have a sleepless night. Which shall it be?"

"Not I, Cyril; I have so many."

"A man who permits himself to love a woman he cannot trust must either act the tyrant or the fool. To-night I may show myself the latter; but to-morrow I shall have my turn in a different character. Now go."

He walked back to the table as he finished speaking, and began an animated conversation with Mrs. Marsh. Presently Mr. Marsh put down his paper, firstly, because he greatly relished his nephew's company; and, secondly, because he considered it highly discourteous to leave him to such poor entertainment as women's tongues could afford. Then Madeleine drew attention to the fact that Nina was gone.

"She felt tired," said Captain Marsh. "I had been making her talk more than she was quite strong enough to bear, I fancy. She did not wish to disturb any of you, and, therefore, went quietly away without saying good-night."

Madeleine had given all her interest to the complications of her crochet pattern long before this explanation was concluded, and Mrs. Marsh had taken possession of the *Times*. She never ventured to touch it until she could feel sure that her husband would not want it again, Mr. Marsh particularly objecting to letting any portion of it out of his own hands. But now the patient little woman saw her opportunity, and profited by it at once. She began to read with a face of demure satisfaction, whilst Mr. Marsh and his nephew discussed questions of state and policy with the consistency of practical men, until the clock struck eleven, when the night candles were brought in and all retired to rest.

The next day Nina made furtive visits to the drawing-room, running away again to her own room at every sound of footsteps on the stairs. When evening came she insisted upon making one of the usual group at the centre table, and held some light work in her hand, from which she never once lifted her eyes. Captain Marsh had got over the fascination of the previous night, and was now cool and watchful, and quite determined that she should not take advantage of him again. He even tried her in every way he could, constantly mentioning Colonel St. George's visit, and regarding her curiously meanwhile.

But Nina was on her guard, too, and not a muscle of her face moved. He could not see that her needle even quickened its pace through the muslin. He redoubled his efforts to provoke her into retort, or at least make her show openly her misery and displeasure.

Loving passionately where his reason disapproved made Cyril harsh and despotic. He felt inclined to visit his own folly on Nina, although, in his sober moments, he could not but exonerate her from all blame. She had been as cold and repellent as possible, even rejecting haughtily his offers of friendship. She had done all in her power to disenchant him until the previous evening, when, in her agony of mind, she had fawned on him, using all her feminine wiles to gain her end. But the motive for these was so clearly obvious that the greatest coxcomb in creation could not have misinterpreted her meaning. Altogether, reviewing these things, Captain Marsh could not help feeling that he had been conquered for once, and was thirsting for a counter-victory to wipe out the stain of defeat.

But his triumph was nearer than he could have believed. Mr. Marsh was out. He had gone to a magistrate's meeting early that morning on horse-back, and had probably stayed to dinner with one of his friends. At any rate, he had not yet returned. It was snowing fast outside, and Mrs. Marsh was thinking of ordering dry things to be got ready for her husband when he did arrive, and was so hurried at this unusual responsibility that she could not sit still a minute. During one of her numerous journeys, Madeleine was absent at the same time, matching a shade of wool she was needing for her work, and Katie having been in bed some hours, Nina and her cousin were left alone.

She dropped her embroidery then, and looked up at him.

"Captain Marsh," she said, gently.

He slightly bowed, but he would not even glance her way.

"You have great influence with my father," she went on, in a low, eager voice; "it is easy to see that; will you, then, do what you can to prevent Colonel St. George from coming here?"

"What is Colonel St. George to you?" said Cyril, sternly.

"Nothing; only I do not want him here."

"If he is nothing to you, I do not see how his arrival can concern you."

"A stranger, and at such a time," murmured Nina, evasively.

"That's just it. I could understand your scruples better if he were an old friend who might be likely to notice the change in you, and inquire the reason; or, again, if he were a lover who would be sure to take umbrage at your altered looks and manner as a sort of treason against himself. Under any other circumstances, I do not see what earthly difference Colonel St. George's presence can make to you."

"Unfortunately, it is impossible for me to explain."

"Then it is impossible for me to serve you, unless you can make it clear to me that I ought to do so."

"And that I cannot."

"He is your lover?" inquired Cyril, in a tone of almost fierce interrogation.

"No."

"Your husband?"

"No."

"You have some feeling for him which he does not reciprocate?"

"I only know that I hate him. I cannot tell whether he returns this feeling or not."

"Then, Nina Marsh, he is—"

"Stop! Captain Marsh," said Nina, rising from her chair in haughty displeasure. "I have answered you so far obediently enough, because you befriended me last night, and I thought might be induced to do the same again. But you cannot go one step farther without forgetting that you are a gentleman and that I am the daughter of Mr. Marsh."

And she gathered her work together in her tremulous hands, and, bowing coldly to him, left the room.

## THE CROSSING OF THE CHATTANOOCHEE.

THE Chattanooga is a beautiful stream, though at times, owing to the heavy rains, the water is turbid. It is fringed by a curtain of willows and hazel, and the bottoms on each side are green with luxuriant crops of corn, which—alas! for the planters, will never be gathered. Much of the wheat and barley had been harvested and carried South. What was put in barns here is fast being consumed as forage for the horses and mules of Sherman's army.

Deluded by the vain boasts of the Southern press, the people of the rebel States believed Atlanta not only impregnable but unattainable. With a range of almost impassable mountains before it, held by a large army, commanded by one of their best Generals, Joseph E. Johnston, they laughed to scorn the idea that a Northern army could reach it.

Not Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca nor Kenesaw convinced them till they beheld Johnston a fugitive in Atlanta and deprived of his command. Conscious of his inability, he abandoned his strong works on the Southern bank of the river, which, low as the water was, no troops could have forded and then charged up the steep bank.

We give a sketch of Sherman's army descending the last of the mountain range to reach the level region on the Chattanooga.

We are indebted to a gentleman of the army for a sketch of the crossing of the 16th army corps at Howell's Ferry on the 10th, a sketch the more acceptable, as our Special Artist, G. K. P. Hillen, while with the advance, received a severe wound, which prevented his forwarding us sketches of the important scenes he has gone forward to witness. Last year the same artist was captured by the enemy, while at the peril of life contributing to the instruction of our readers, and participating in our columns the events of this fearful war.

A WHITE man not long since sued a black man in one of the courts, and while the trial was before the judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the counsel stated to the court.

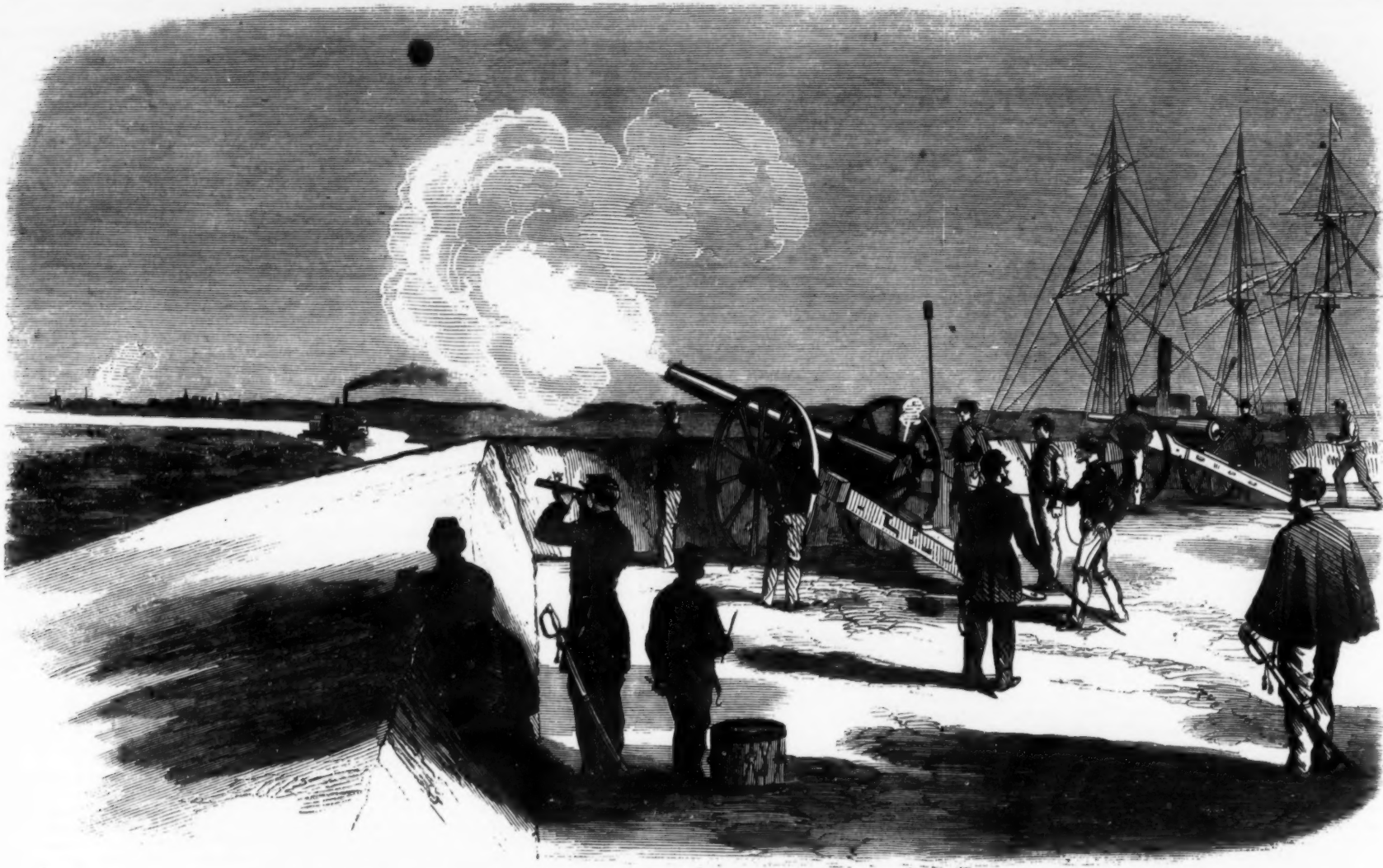
"A verbal settlement will not answer," replied the judge; "it must be in writing."

"There is the agreement in black and white," responded the counsel, pointing to the parties; "pray, what does your honor want more than this?"

"I SAY, BROWN, what a close shaver Jones is. Why he'll squabble about a penny!"

"Well, what if he does? The less one squabbles about the better."





THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SHELLING SECESSIONVILLE FROM FORT STRONG.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. CHAPIN.

**THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.**

The long siege of Charleston continues, if indeed we can properly style a distant bombardment. The nearer approach of our army seems hardly possible, but recently a movement was made by which Secessionville, a place frequently figuring in our accounts of operations, was shelled by Gen. Foster from Morris Island.

Our Artist gives an interesting view of Fort Strong while hurling its allowance of destructive material on the devoted spot. This fort is situated on the upper end of Folly Island, and was erected by Major-Gen. Gillmore. It is two and a half miles from James Island.

These bombardments are not wanton. They are provoked by the enemy, who fire at our steamers, and especially at the Planter, the boat carried off by Small and other negroes, and the mere appearance of which tends singularly to ruffle the equanimity of our Southern fellow-citizens.

We give also a view of Fort Johnson, the Citizens' Battery and Battery Simpkins, James Island, S. C.

The above rebel works are located on the extreme northern end of James Island. The "Citizens' Battery" and "Battery Simpkins" face the Union works on Morris Island. Fort Johnson appears to be a mere mass of yellow sand, but beneath the earthen coat are placed formidable guns. Charleston is seen in the background. A recent assault by the Union troops upon Fort Johnson proved unsuccessful, owing to a lack of proper support, resulting in a loss of 150 Unionist prisoners.

Our sketch was taken from Fort Wagner.

**GRANT AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.**

Our double-page groups together the men in whose hands are the great operations now carrying on against Richmond and Petersburg, all men whose

services, during the past three years have made their names familiar to the country—men whose capacity has been tested by a thousand events.

Of Grant it is unnecessary to speak. The man who, at the beginning of the war, was repulsed in his own State, and finally placed at a desk, has, by a dogged perseverance, a wonderful energy and fertility of resource, made his mark at Belmont, Donelson, Pittsburg landing, and the series of splendid victories that resulted in the reduction of Vicksburg, the more recent dislodgment of Bragg from Lookout mountain and Missionary ridge; how, step by step, he forced Lee back from the Rapidan to below Richmond is too recent to need a word.

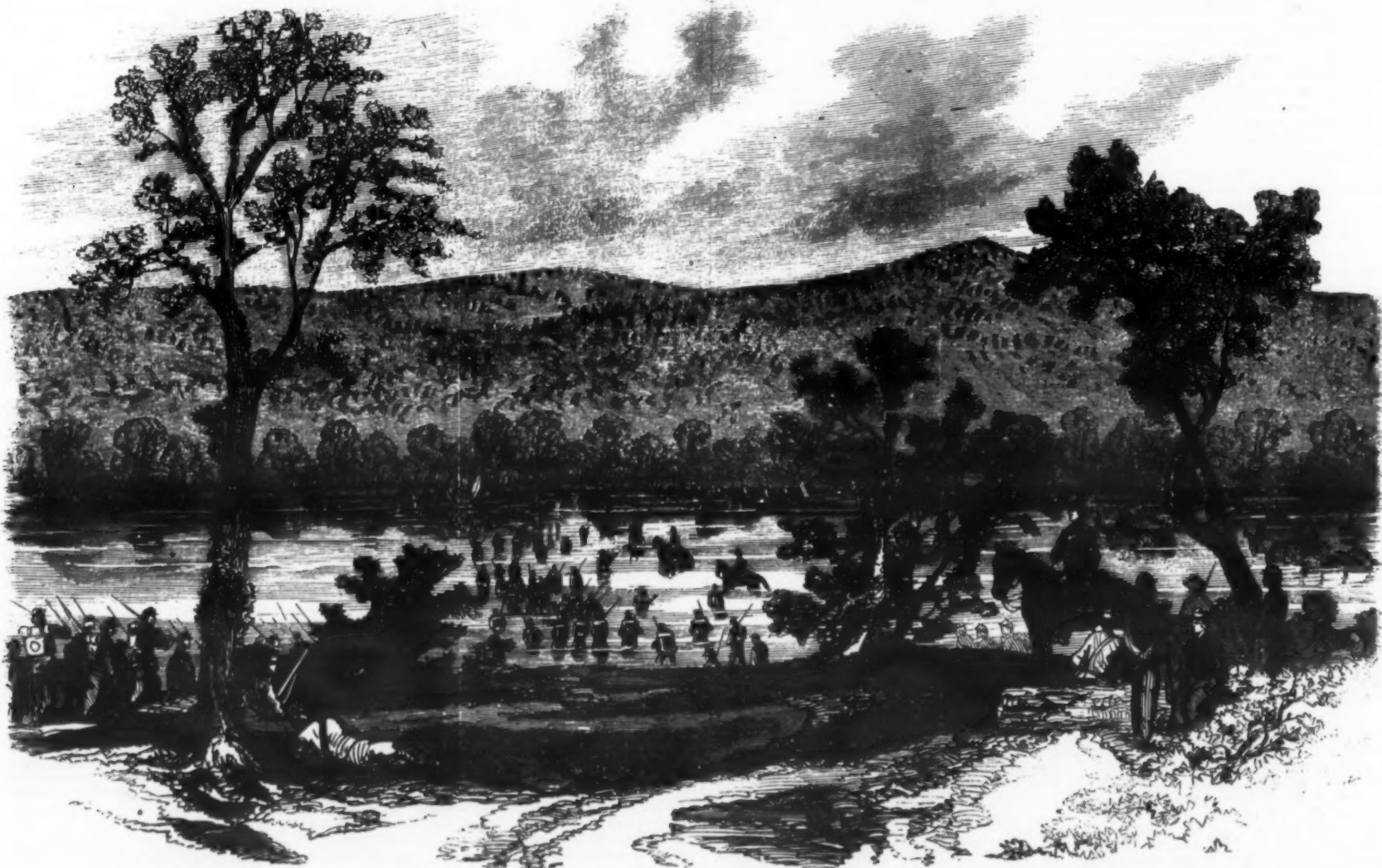
And who has he around him to accomplish his plans? Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac proper; the man who led the Pennsylvania reserves on so many a bloody field; who, suddenly, a year ago, placed in command of the army, met and broke Lee's course of triumph at Gettysburg.

Butler, commanding the department in which the operations are now carried on, the man of energy and administrative talent, who first shed light on the negro question by declaring slaves used by the enemy contraband of war; who, in his government of New Orleans, achieved wonders that even now can scarcely be credited, giving that city freedom from rowdy rule, from daily murders and outrages, and giving it, too, such a thorough sanitary government that the yellow fever has ceased its visits.

These men are world known.

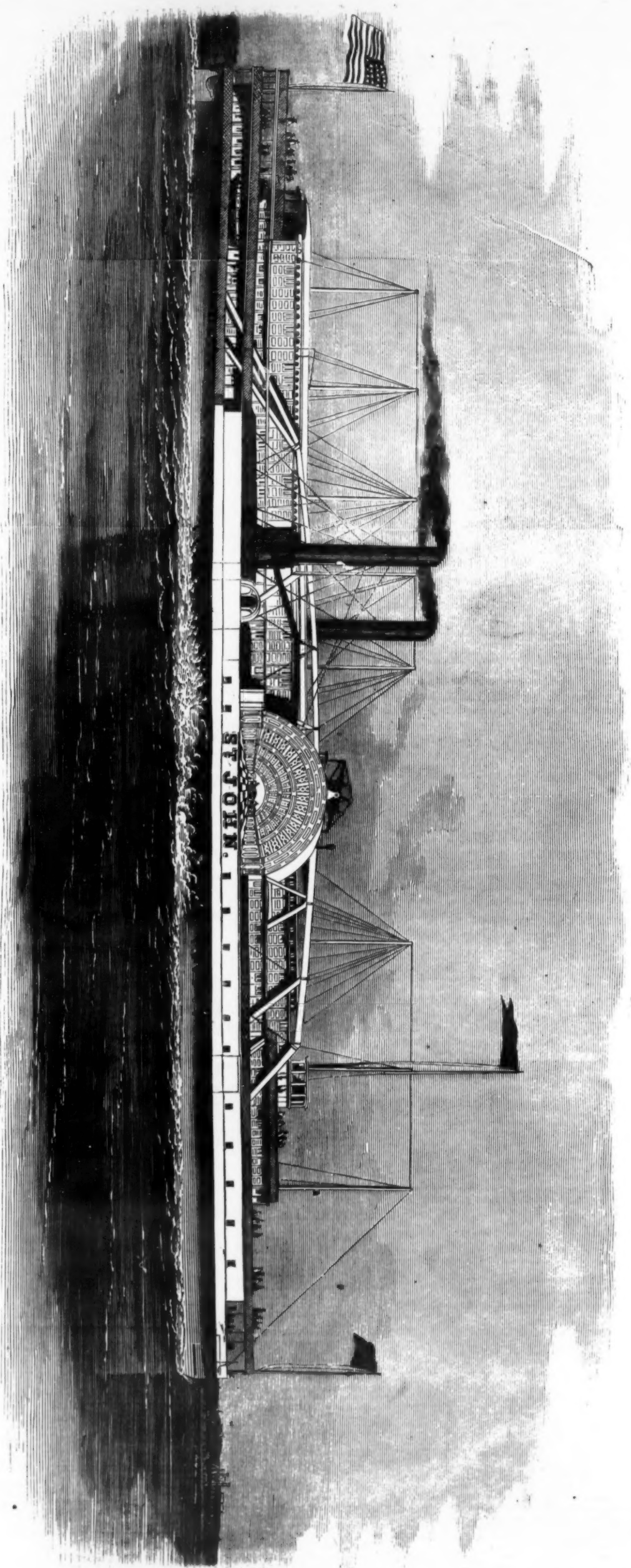
Of the Corps Commanders and other Generals grouped around some are as well-known:

Maj.-Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, once commander of the army in which he now commands a corps, led a brigade at Bull Run. Took Hatteras in January, 1862, and defeating the enemy at Roanoke and Newbern, planted the national army in North Carolina, and reducing Fort Macon, made that State the weak spot of the rebellion. How he fought at South Mountain and Antietam all know. His defeat at Fredericksburg, in

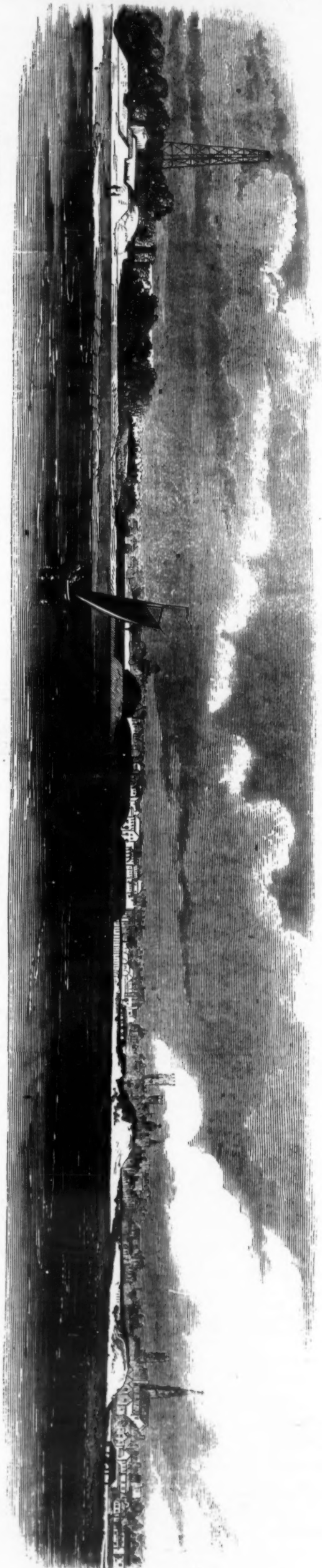


THE WAR IN GEORGIA—THE 16TH ARMY CORPS FORDING THE CHATAHOOCHEE AT ROSWELL'S FERRY, JULY 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEO. D. SATTLER, 2ND IOWA INFANTRY.





THE SPEEDY STEAMER ST. JOHN, OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE FOR ALBANY, CAPT. WILLIAM H. PAGE.—SEE PAGE 323.



Battery and Ship.

Battery.

Citadel Battery.

Battery.

French Church.

Fort Johnson.

St. Michael's Church.

THE SHIP OF CHARLESTON—CHARLESTON, FORT JOHNSON, THE CITADEL BATTERY, BATTERY STREET, &c., &c.



December, 1863, placed him indeed under a cloud, but his successful defence of Nashville brought him forward again as one of our great Generals.

Hancock, who wears the stars of a Major-General, has made himself known by his hard fighting. Born in 1824, he graduated at West Point at the age of 20, and entered the army merely as a 3d Lieutenant of Infantry. When the rebellion broke out he was Assistant-Quartermaster-General, with the rank of Captain. On the 23d of Sept., 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He decided the battle of Williamsburg by a brilliant charge, which stamped on the public memory the quality of the man. At White Oak swamp, Golding's farm, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, in the third decisive day at Gettysburg, and in all Grant's battles he has been ever in the thick of fight; a modest, quiet, unassuming man, with all his high renown.

Maj.-Gen. Wm. Farrar Smith, popularly known as "Baldy Smith," is one of the first engineer officers of our army. He was born at St. Albans, Vermont, Feb. 17, 1824, and graduating fourth in his class entered the Topographical Engineers. He was a 2d Lieutenant in 1849, a 1st Lieutenant in 1853, a Captain in 1859. During this time he was engaged as Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point, and as Engineer in Lake Superior, the Rio Grande, in Texas, and on the Mexican boundary. When the rebellion broke out he was Secretary of the Lighthouse Board, but at once took the field as Colonel of the 3d Vermont Volunteers. In August, 1861, he was made a Brigadier-General, and appointed to command a division in Franklin's corps. He has been a Major-General since July 4, 1862; distinguished himself at Antietam, and commanded the 6th corps at Fredericksburg. His services in the present campaign, under Grant, are fresh in the popular mind.

Wright, who commands the corps of the noblehearted Sedgwick, was born in Connecticut, in 1822, and graduated at West Point in 1841, standing so high as to receive brevet rank in the Engineers. He was employed in instructing in this branch of military science for some years; was 1st Lieutenant, Feb., 1848; Captain, July, 1855; Major, in August, 1861. The next month he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and commanded the 2d brigade in the expedition to Fort Royal. He reduced Ferdinandina in 1862, and subsequently joined the Army of the Potomac, and for a time commanded the Department of Ohio. He is now in command of the forces protecting Washington.

Gen. Warren has by his stubborn fighting and unambitious character made his name as illustrious in our day as the victim of Bunker Hill did in the first war of Independence. He is a native of New York, and graduated at West Point in July, 1850, receiving a brevet of 2d Lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers. He became 1st Lieutenant in 1856, and was employed to direct the Government explorations and surveys in Nebraska. His Captain's commission dates September 9, 1861. In the same month, in the following year, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and in May, 1863, Major-General. He commanded the 5th Army Corps.

Major-Gen. D. D. Birney is a native of Alabama, but appointed from Pennsylvania. He has long been known as a brigade and division commander, and now at the head of a gallant corps enjoys the confidence of all, having distinguished himself in some of the hardest fought battles of the war.

Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, whose commission as Major-General dates December 31, 1862, was born in Massachusetts, but appointed from Ohio. He graduated at West Point in July, 1853, and was appointed brevet 2d Lieutenant in the 1st Infantry. Transferred subsequently to the 4th Infantry, he distinguished himself in a conflict with the Indians at the cascades in Washington Territory, in 1856. He is now Captain in the 13th Infantry. In the present war he has been distinguished as a cavalry officer, having commanded that arm under Rosecrans with such ability that he has been placed in command of the cavalry of the army of the Potomac by Gen. Grant.

Of Gen. Rawlins, Chief of Staff to Gen. Grant, we need not speak, having not long since given a sketch of his life.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

If a young woman bids you take heart, you probably can take hers.

COLERIDGE, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out:

"Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?"

"Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dine at six."

AN Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute.

"My good fellow!" exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live at my country seat, near Philadelphia; and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I possibly could several times round a large factory—just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

AN Irishman who was at the celebrated battle of Bull's run was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left was taken off by a cannon-ball. In a few minutes, however, a spent ball broke off the finger of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and howled with pain, when the Irishman rushed upon him exclaiming:

"You cowl woman, stop cryin'! You are making more noise about it than the man who just lost his head."

THE other day, for a distance of 40 miles, I travelled along with Mrs. Graves. She was a sweet and interesting woman—so sweet and interesting that, fastidious as I am on the subject, I believe I would have been willing to have kissed her. I had, however, several reasons for not perpetrating this act. First, I am such a good husband I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife. Secondly, I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me, and tell Graves. Third, I do not think Mrs. G. would let me.

THE New York newsboys make the most of the sensation headlines with which the telegraph dispatches are garnished. Seeing one little fellow unusually silent, a friend of ours asked:

"What's the news, my boy?"

"Oh, there's a whole lot of news, but nothing to holler!"

News with "nothing to holler" is a bad fix for the newsboys.

A CURIOUS boy in Lochwinnoch parish, Scotland, asked his mother about the origin of man, etc., and was answered:

"We are all made of clay."

"Are the horses made of clay, too?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "all of clay."

"Then, mother, Duncan Donelson has but one leg; has the clay been unco dear, d'ye think, when he gangs wi' a timber ane?"

LADY CHANDOS, who was still a coquette in her advanced maturity, came to a party after eleven o'clock.

"How late you are, my charmer?" said the mistress of the house, provokingly.

"I am quite ashamed," answered her ladyship, "but my maid is so very slow; she takes more than an hour and a half to do my hair."

"Fortunately," observed one of her friends, "you are not obliged to stay at home while she is doing it."

A NOVEL mode of bringing an obstinate juror to his senses was adopted recently at Santa Cruz, California. He held out against the other eleven, who had promptly agreed upon a verdict of guilty. After an hour of argument with no avail, it was at last proposed that the jury should return a verdict of guilty by eleven jurymen, who believed the other one to be a confederate of the prisoner and a great rascal. This ended it. The obstinate juror saw twenty vigilance committees in his mind's eye, and in five minutes the jury unanimously returned a verdict of guilty.

AN urchin suffering from the application of the birch, said: "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better; let anybody get such a plaguy licking as I've had and he'll find out that one rod makes an acher."

A YOUNG lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

BANDBOXES.—The whiskered sex have been, ever since bandboxes were invented, down upon them with objections. It will be a triumph to the ladies to know, by the following narrative, how the self-styled lords of creation were on one occasion indebted to the potency of the heretofore despised and ridiculed contrivance for a comfortable ride: The editor of the *Cleveland Herald* formed one of a party of four travelling over the Pennsylvania railroad. At Altoona, in order to avoid the tobacco-spitting nuisance of other parts of trains, the party endeavored to enter the ladies' car, but were politely informed that they could not be admitted unless in company with ladies. We will let the writer tell his own story: "We yielded to the ruling as correct. Just then a gentleman, bearing a handbox, mounted the platform, and the key was turned in the lock without a question. Through the window we saw the result of the innocent fraud, as the lucky passenger

handed over the handbox to a lady, with laughing thanks at the complete success of his happy expedient. Upon this hint one of the number spoke through the window and was handed that patent handbox. Its second appearance at the door worked a like result, and the same entrance unquestioned. The fourth man, and the one who had first been repulsed, now, with a faint hope of success, bore the magic box to the car door, but the Cerberus of the car remembered faces, and for a moment hesitated, but as the handbox was raised to his vision, stepped aside, and, with 'Beg your pardon, sir; I did not see your handbox,' opened the car, and the triumph was complete. The handbox power won over at least four friends to that abused article, who hereafter will not be found among its scoffers."

"I AM surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush," said a gentleman to his wife.

"The fact is, my dear," was her reply, "that I was born to blush unseen."

THE only tolerable things we can find in Punch are these. Our readers may smile at the hunchback's Americanisms:

#### LATEST AMERICAN TELEGRAMS.

(Condensed and Translated.)

Grant reduced to grunt.

Sheridan's Hivals successful.

Hunter hunted.

Harker toasted.

Macpherson not an Oxy 'un; his cavalry cat up.

Thomas's men rendered fit for Guy's.

Pillow on Sherman's rear.

The book of the growling, snarling, snapping author may very properly be dog-eared.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day.

"Right over there?" said the boy; "taint nowhere else."

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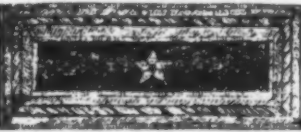
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Notice is hereby given that subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositories, and by the National Banks designated and qualified as Depositories and Financial Agents, for Treasury Notes payable three years from August 15, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, redeemable after five and payable twenty years from August 15, 1867.

The notes will be issued in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand and five thousand dollars, and will be issued in blank, or payable to order, as may be directed by the subscribers.

All subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The parties depositing must endorse upon the original certificate the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to this Department.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

Interest will be allowed to August 15 on all deposits made prior to that date, and will be paid by the Department upon the receipt of the original certificates.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by this Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

Officers receiving deposits will see that the proper endorsements are made upon the original certificates.

All officers authorized to receive deposits are requested to give to applicants all desired information, and afford every facility for making subscriptions.

W. P. FESSENDEN,

Secretary of the Treasury.

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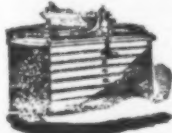
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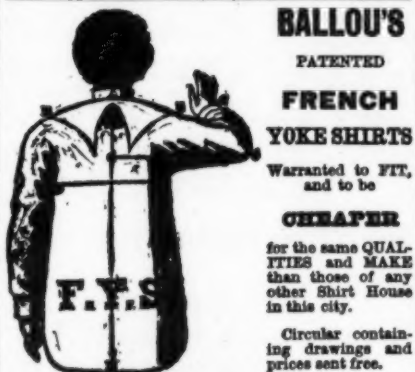
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